

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 765



JULY 26, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE





"THE LOVE TOKEN"  
FROM THE DRAWING BY HERBERT GANDY





"A BIBLE LESSON"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MRS. ALMA TADEMA, EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 765.—VOL. XXX.  
Registered as a Newspaper

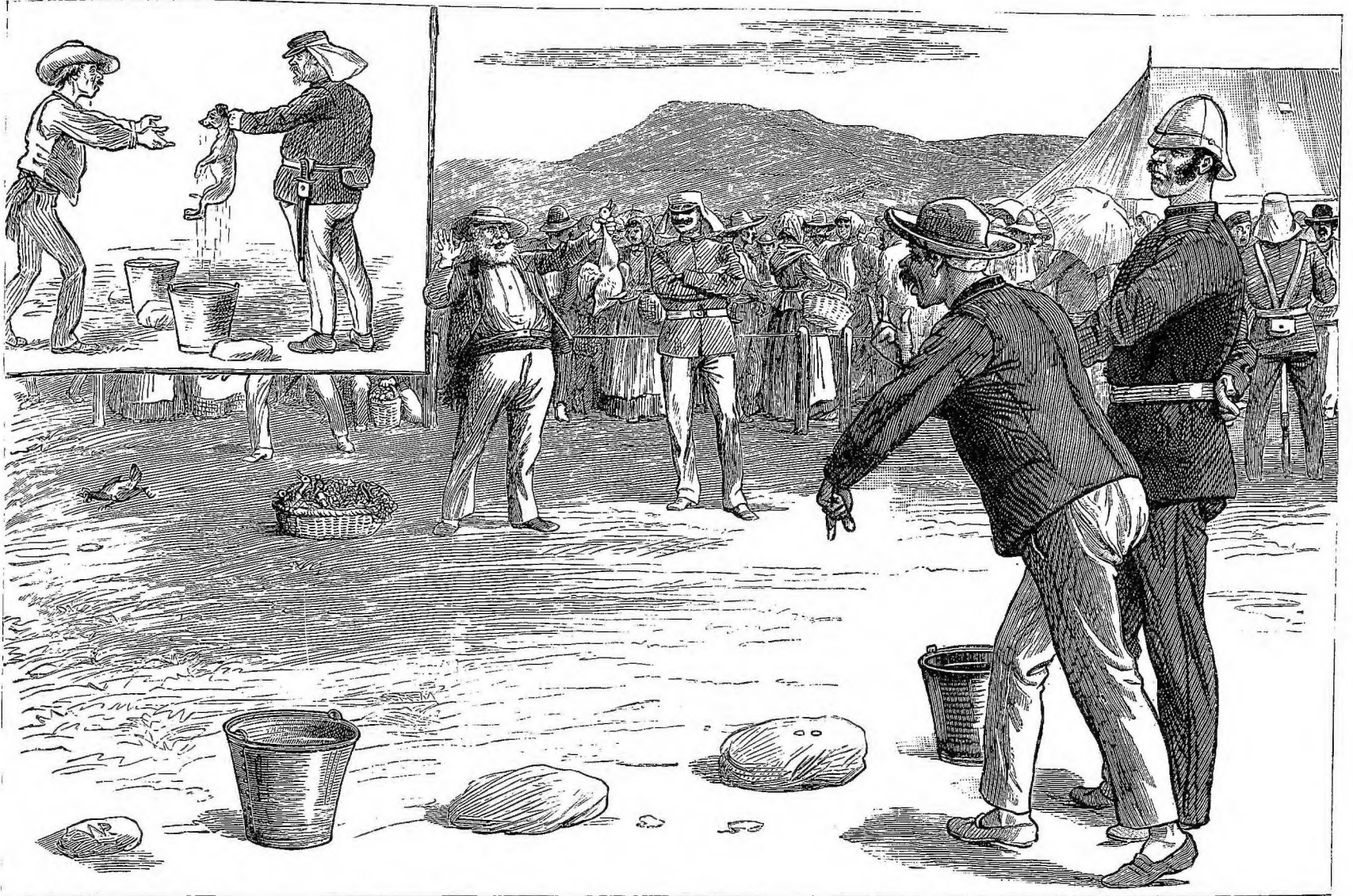
ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny

Disinfecting with Vinegar a Dog Which Had Crossed the Cordon



HUMOURS OF THE CHOLERA CORDON AT GIBRALTAR—BARGAINING FOR POULTRY ACROSS THE CORDON



FUMIGATING PASSENGERS FROM MARSEILLES AT AVIGNON  
THE CHOLERA IN EUROPE



## Topics of the Week

**MONDAY'S MARCH-OUT.**—Quiet people experienced a sense of relief when they arose on Tuesday morning and found, not merely that London still remained unsacked and unburnt, but that the Grand Demonstration had assembled and dispersed without riot or disorder. Indeed, the persons who suffered chiefly from the procession appear to have been Messrs. Lowther and Chaplin, who could not make their way to the House of Commons quite so readily as usual; and Sir John Bennett, who was very unpatriotically again relieved of his watch. On such occasions Sir John should leave his watches in Cheapside. It cannot be denied, then, that the Demonstration, as a Demonstration, was a thorough success. Extreme partisans will, of course, differ as to its intrinsic merits. Cynical Tories may assert that there was very little which was really spontaneous in its composition; that it was the artificial production of a Radical Caucus, well furnished with funds; and that the bulk of the processionists, like the mob of ancient Ephesus, "knew not wherefore they were come together." Enthusiastic Radicals, on the other hand, will affirm that fully thirty thousand *bona fide* working men, many of them coming from long distances, sacrificed a day's wages, and underwent many hours of fatigue (banner-carrying, for instance, needs no small bodily endurance), in order to show the House of Lords and the Conservative party generally that they are in earnest in their desire that the Franchise Bill should be passed without delay. The truth, no doubt, lies between these two extremes, but much nearer, we sincerely believe, to the Radical extreme than to the Tory extreme. The Demonstration has proved that the masses are not apathetic about the extension of the franchise, and that they regard the burning anxiety of the Peers for immediate Redistribution as a mere excuse for delay. Meanwhile, Lord Salisbury remains unconverted. He is not moved to repentance even by the touching spectacle of the Heir Apparent and his family gazing on the slowly-moving multitudes. Perhaps it recalled to his mind some dramatic incidents in Parisian history about a hundred years ago. At all events, he is unconvinced, and he airily styles Our Grand March-Out "Legislation by Picnic!" Far otherwise the French journals. For them it is "a grandiose spectacle," which arouses their envy and admiration, and they characteristically magnify the processionists into three hundred thousand persons.

**LORD SALISBURY'S POLICY.**—If we may judge from the tone adopted by Lord Salisbury at Sheffield, his speeches in support of the action of the Lords with regard to the Franchise Bill are not likely to be deficient in vigour. There must, however, be a good many Conservatives who begin to doubt whether, after all, the cause he advocates with so much eloquence is worthy of the sacrifices he calls upon them to make. If he were opposed to the extension of the franchise, it would be easy to understand the wrath with which he speaks of Mr. Gladstone's policy; for then the country would have to deal with a plain and really great issue. But again and again he has protested that the Tories are as willing as the Liberals to admit the county householders to the suffrage; and there is not the slightest reason to doubt his sincerity. Whether the proposed change is good or bad in itself, he knows that it has become inevitable; and, as he explained at Sheffield, landlords and agricultural labourers may not find much difficulty in coming to terms. The only question, therefore, about which he differs from the Government in this matter is the question of redistribution; and he has not been able to show that his opinions about redistribution justified him in bringing on a conflict between the two Houses. In introducing the Franchise Bill, Mr. Gladstone made a careful statement as to the principles on which, in his opinion, a Redistribution Bill ought to be framed; and substantially this statement commended itself to the judgment of all moderate politicians. What the Prime Minister said about Ireland provoked some discussion; but in other respects his views did not seem to differ much from those of Lord Salisbury himself, so far as Lord Salisbury's views on the subject are known. What reason, then, is there to suppose that if the Franchise Bill were passed it would be followed by a dangerous Redistribution Bill? There is no pretext whatever for any such suspicion; and it may be hoped that before the Autumn Session this fact will be made plain by many of those who will expound with authority the aims of the Liberal party. If Ministers speak frankly about Redistribution, upholding the principles which Mr. Gladstone has set forth, the chances are that Lord Salisbury will find himself in a minority when the question again comes before the Upper House.

**BURGLARS AND THE POLICE.**—Alderman Nottage is not the only magistrate who thinks that burglary aggravated by violence to the person ought to be punished with flogging. If the man who commits robbery with violence in the open streets is flogged, why should he escape that penalty by merely removing the *venue* of his crime into an inhabited dwelling? Judges and Prison Governors all know that flogging is the only punishment short of death which really frightens ruffianly natures; and so long as we do not base

our legislation upon this fact, we must be prepared to see burglars maim or kill all who attempt to capture them. The two scoundrels who committed the Hoxton burglary the other day would never have fought as they did if the law made any serious difference between burglary with and without violence. However, pending the time when burglars shall have an inducement to surrender quietly when caught, it would be well that some reward, like the Victoria Cross, should be conferred on brave policemen, such as Snell and Garner. The splendid nerve shown by these two men in the execution of their duty would have been called heroism on a battle-field; but it is infinitely more meritorious to grapple with an armed foe in a lonely street, or on the roof of a house, than to dash at an enemy amid the smoke and excitement of battle. In France the Cross of the Legion of Honour is bestowed for acts of civic courage as well as for military valour, and the Victoria Cross might usefully be given in the same way. The great point would, of course, be that the Order should not lose its prestige by too lavish bestowal; but the precedents followed in the decoration of soldiers and sailors have so far been excellent, and it would be easy to adapt them to the rewarding of civilians.

**PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA.**—Thus far this has been the most genial summer which we have experienced for several years, but its enjoyment is considerably alloyed by fears of the approach of cholera. That terrible disease has got a firm hold of Toulon and Marseilles, nor has the mortality been lessened, as was hoped, by a spell of cool weather. It has appeared at Arles, and it is rumoured that it has reached Paris. In such matters it is difficult in France to get at the truth, as an official tradition prevails among our neighbours of concealing bad news as long as possible. Paris is not much farther from London than is Liverpool, intercommunication is probably equally great, and therefore the disease may reasonably be expected here before long, provided it should find a favourable seed-bed. At all events, it is to be hoped that our people will not give way to the panic which has seized on the inhabitants of the South of France, and which, both directly and indirectly, intensifies the suffering produced by the epidemic. It stands to reason that when those who can afford to fly run away from a plague-stricken city the poor and helpless who remain behind are the very worst people to organise and carry out proper precautions for fighting the disease. It is satisfactory to learn that such vexatious and useless customs as the fumigation of passengers are being abandoned, but on the other hand the grossest carelessness appears to prevail with regard to the disposal of clothing, &c., belonging to cholera patients. The interesting report of Dr. Sedgwick Saunders proves that on this side of the Channel our medical men know what are the proper preventive measures to be adopted. Meanwhile it is worth noting how people are scared by a name. The report of a single death from undoubted Asiatic cholera in London would excite widespread alarm; yet last week no less than 533 persons died within the metropolitan area of diarrhoea and dysentery. As far as the victims are concerned, their fate is just as deplorable as if they had perished from the plague which is desolating Marseilles.

**EGYPT AND THE CONFERENCE.**—Mr. Gladstone's appeal to Europe on the question of Egyptian finance has not been met in the manner he anticipated. After the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement, he seems to have had no doubt that his proposals would be speedily accepted by France and the other Powers; but the Conference had no sooner assembled than it became obvious that serious difficulties would present themselves. The delegates of the Powers showed at once that they were indisposed to sacrifice the interests of the bondholders; and from their point of view there was a good deal to be said for the position they assumed. Had the English Government acted vigorously and consistently after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, it is highly probable that the native and foreign population of Egypt would almost immediately have felt perfectly secure; and a sense of security would have led to the revival of material prosperity. There would then have been no need for the fresh loan which is now demanded. But instead of acting vigorously and consistently, the English Government seemed utterly unable to decide on what principles Egypt ought to be ruled; and so the country went "from bad to worse," and the decay of industry and commerce was rendered inevitable. It was not therefore unnatural that the Conference should hesitate to accept the solution suggested by England, since, in the opinion of all Europe, she is responsible for the evils for which she wishes to provide a temporary remedy at the expense of the bondholders. It only remains for Englishmen to hope that if a compromise is found to be impossible, their Government may even yet have an opportunity of undoing the mischief which has been produced by a feeble and vacillating policy. It may be, however, that new troubles are in store for us, for the Powers may be inclined to say that the time has come when they must undertake the task which has been proved to be beyond our strength. We should certainly have little reason to be surprised if this were the ultimate result of our intervention in the affairs of Egypt.

**HIGHBURY FIELDS.**—It would be a great pity if the scheme for converting Highbury Fields into a public park ends in nothing, like the Paddington Park project. The

north of London is very scantily provided with recreation grounds, and it has been extending during the last five years at a rate of which the inhabitants of other parts of the metropolis have generally no conception. Finsbury Park, which was once suburban, is now the centre of an enormous city. The Board of Works, when it first negotiated for the purchase of Hornsey Wood, might have got a hundred acres more for its money than it did get eventually, because so many years were wasted in concluding the bargain. Over the lost hundred acres houses have now been built. They stretch from Highbury to Stoke Newington. Thence, again, there is a forest of houses to Woodbury Down; and now the south side of the Green Lanes, comprising the Haringay Park estate, is being mapped out into streets as far as Hornsey. As there is no central authority in London able or willing to control the speculative builder, streets are piled upon streets without any provision for open spaces. Not a square is to be seen, not a place large enough to serve as an open market, or suitable for the erection of a public monument to commemorate any local event, should occasion arise for such in after time. It is a wonder that the twenty-five acres of Highbury Fields should not have vanished before this; but they will certainly disappear before long unless the ratepayers of Islington and Clerkenwell combine to preserve them. They might, at the same time, try to purchase Clissold Park, near Stoke Newington—a beautiful spot, which one cannot pass without sighing to think of as likely to be soon obliterated under bricks and stucco. If the hundreds of thousands of ratepayers who have an interest in preserving these open spaces were asked to contribute a voluntary rate for the purpose, they would assuredly do so. The affair must be taken in hand, however, by some responsible authority; and, since there is no chance of the London Municipality Bill being passed for some time, the Vestry of Islington ought to bestir itself.

**THE GREELY EXPEDITION.**—Everybody, especially in the English-speaking communities of the world, will rejoice that six out of the original twenty-five persons who formed this expedition have been discovered, and brought home safely. Commander Schley, who thus earns the reward offered by the United States Government, only just reached the castaways in time. In two or three days more they would have all been dead, and the Franklin tragedy would have been repeated. No wonder that just now there is a feeling both in the United States and in this country against sending out any more expeditions to these perilous regions. The annals of Polar enterprise have of late years been discouraging. The Nares Expedition, which was very carefully and completely fitted out, penetrated somewhat further north than any previous explorers, but the sledge-journeys involved enormous fatigue and much sickness, and were practically failures. The *Jeannette* Expedition, which was due to the munificence of a private individual, had a disastrous termination. And now Lieutenant Greely, though he has earned the barren honour of getting rather nearer the Pole than even Sir George Nares, has otherwise done nothing to justify the perils which await those who start on such adventures. Nor should it be forgotten that the Arctic navigators of the earlier years of this century were actuated by a stimulus which is now wanting. They believed in the possibility of a North-West passage to India and China. This superstition is exploded. There may possibly be such a thoroughfare, but no sane captain would ever dream of forcing his way to Canton or Calcutta by a route encumbered by ice floes, icebergs, and fogs, even if there were no Suez Canal. The only *raison d'être* for modern Polar enterprise is the desire to get to the Pole. Probably, if ever we do get there, we shall not see anything particularly worth seeing. Nevertheless the desire remains, and will—when the recent disasters are comparatively forgotten—once more strive to be gratified. We believe that it is chiefly a question of money. If the nation were willing, for the sake of solving this secret, to spend money as it spends it on a "little war," there would be a fair chance of success. The Pole would be taken not by storm but by sap. A series of stations would be established, all inter-communicating, and well-furnished with stores, and thus, with a few years of time and a few millions of money, latitude 90 deg. N. would be attained.

**MAORIS AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.**—Lord Derby returned a rather cold answer to the Maori chiefs who waited upon him at the Colonial Office the other day, but it is not very easy to see how he could have spoken differently. Everybody in England thinks well of the Maoris, who are a brave and intelligent race; and Tawhiao has produced an excellent impression by his dignity and self-control. At the same time, New Zealand is a self-governing colony, and the Home Government cannot venture to dictate the policy it shall adopt towards the natives. Colonists are everywhere the most sensitive of mankind, and probably our New Zealand kinsfolk would not hesitate to tell us to mind our own business if we tried to interfere much in what they regard as exclusively their affairs. Besides, as Lord Derby said, Englishmen really know very little about the questions in dispute. They may suspect that the Maories still have solid grounds for complaint; but it would be unfair to assume that there is nothing to be said on the other side, especially when the colonists protest that they are sincerely anxious to do justice to the aboriginal population. Problems of this kind have never been solved by any colony in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and it may be doubted whether from the



nature of the case a perfectly satisfactory solution is possible. On the whole, it seems best that the Maoris should be encouraged, not to remain apart from the Europeans, but to combine with them in a community living under the same laws. If the Maoris resembled the natives of Australia, it would be foolish to look forward to any such settlement as this; but many of them have shown so much aptitude for what we are pleased to call civilisation that, if they are treated kindly, they may in the end be induced to reconcile themselves to the conditions of "progress." The task of overcoming their hostility to our ways of life, however, must be accomplished in the main not by the British Government, but by those Englishmen with whom they are brought into direct contact.

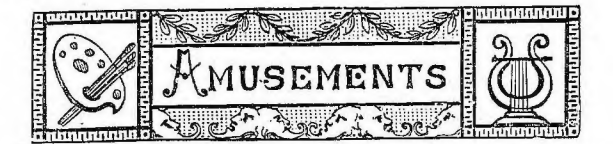
**EXPELLING FROM SCHOOL.**—Sir William Harcourt has had another correspondence with magistrates about the juvenile offender. This terrible creature, when more than fourteen years old, seems to defy correction. He is thought too old for whipping and too young for prison. What, then, shall be done with him? We do not offer any opinion on the matter further than this: that there is too great a tendency in these days to let juvenile offenders of all classes go their own bad ways. We hear too much now about expulsions of boys from public schools. The troublesome boy who, under the rule of old-fashioned head-masters, would have been birched into subordination, is nowadays generally sent home on unlimited leave. That is to say, his masters wash their hands of him and punish his parents. It used to be thought that a boy was sent to school to be trained—a process which implies the eradication of faults in character and bad habits. No master formerly expected to get only good boys entrusted to his care. He took the bad with the good, tried to make them better, and it was only in cases of a very heinous description that he considered himself justified in returning a pupil to his parents as incorrigible. Expulsion from school is so heavy a punishment that it ought not to be inflicted without the gravest cause. The expelled boy becomes a burden to his family, who do not know how to deal with him, and are often led into thinking him much worse than he really is; moreover, the social stigma put upon him is almost ineffaceable, and may help to ruin his whole life. It is not good that there should be any shuffling off of responsibilities on the part of those whose business it is to correct refractory youth. The Home Secretary, who declares himself unable to legislate about the juvenile offender of low degree; the magistrates, who say they are powerless against this youngster; and the head-masters of public schools, who find the juvenile offender of higher degree too much for them—all seem to lose sight of the fact that if the juvenile goes from bad to worse while his elders are asking what shall be done with him, the fault will be theirs, not his.

**DAIRY-FARMING IN AMERICA.**—An excited discussion which is just now taking place concerning oleomargarine, or artificial butter, in the State of New York, brings into prominence a fact less noted in this country than it deserves, viz., that if English farmers have suffered from American competition, the farmers of the older States on the Atlantic seaboard have suffered still more from the competition of the interior regions. For more than two centuries the farmers of New England raised wheat and other cereals from a stern and rocky soil, and in an ungenial climate. The chief excellences of the modern American character are due to the patience, the energy, and the ingenuity which this industry called forth. But, about forty years ago, with the increase of population, and the introduction of steamboats on the rivers, New York and Ohio, with far more fertile land, began to compete with New England. Elderly people can remember when the Genesee Valley (in the State of New York) yielded a highly-esteemed brand of flour, which was imported into Liverpool in the early days of Free Trade. But now New York herself has had to yield to competitors farther West. They insist on supplying her with meat and bread and timber, so that indeed there is little left for her to produce in the agricultural way, except milk, butter, and cheese. And even in these dairy products her supremacy is threatened, because the States further West raise numbers of hogs, and have consequently a lot of surplus lard on hand which they ingeniously convert into oleomargarine, or pretend-butter. The New Yorkers are trying legislation as a check against this invasion, the result of which prohibition will probably be that an increased torrent of oleomargarine will roll on to the devoted shores of these islands. The wonder to us is that in these days of swift travelling, freezing-dodges, and dense population there should be any genuine butter at all. Surely in most places it must pay better to sell cream as cream than to be at the trouble of turning it into butter. Many of us probably consume a good deal of oleomargarine without knowing it.

**DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS IN AMERICA.**—The contest as to the American Presidency has now fairly begun, and its progress will be watched with considerable interest in England. There is, indeed, no great question of policy before the electors, for although the Republicans have committed themselves absolutely to Protection, the Democrats have not made Free Trade a "plank" of their "platform." The tendency of the Democrats is, no doubt, towards Free

Trade; but as a party they must still be regarded as upholders of the existing system. The real question in dispute is whether the United States shall or shall not have an opportunity of establishing a comparatively pure system of civil administration; and there seems to be little doubt that this question would be most satisfactorily answered by the triumph of the Democrats. General Cleveland, although not apparently a brilliant man, has an excellent "record," whereas Mr. Blaine has been for many years associated with everything that is most objectionable in American politics. The Republicans did good work in their time, but their task has long been accomplished, and now they would be certain to benefit by a little experience of the cold shade of opposition. It is creditable to the Independent Republicans that on this occasion they have ventured to break away from those with whom they have hitherto acted, and that henceforth they intend to fight steadily against the tyranny of professional politicians. If they fulfil their promises, there may be some hope that educated Americans will be encouraged to take a more prominent part than they have in past times cared to assume in public life.

**A NEAT "TURN-OUT."**—Charles Greville once said that, as a result of the long cessation of intercourse between France and England during the wars at the beginning of this century, Frenchmen forgot how to groom their horses. Kossuth, when he came to England, said that he admired two things chiefly in this country: the fairness displayed in street-fights, and the tasteful appointments of equipages to be seen in Hyde Park. A review of the beautiful coaches that muster at the meets of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs might satisfy most people that we retain our supremacy as a nation of carriage-builders, horse-breeders, and drivers; nevertheless, the neat "turn-out" that would have pleased so correct a connoisseur as the late Lord Ailesbury has become a very rare thing in our parks. Americans pretend that there are more pretty carriages to be admired in the Bois de Boulogne than in what Miss Braddon calls "The Ladies' Mile;" and the reason for this appears to be that when a Parisian can afford to keep a carriage at all he devotes all his native taste to making the vehicle look as smart as possible. Among rich Londoners there is often too much indifference to the externals of a "turn-out" so long as the horses be sound, the carriage solid, and the coachman respectable. In the households of great noblemen traditions for the governance of the stables have been handed down for generations, and thus we may here and there see an equipage so perfect in all its details that it is delightful to look at. But what shall we say of those very rich people who will buy horses of a great price, but who take no care to see that they are well-matched; who pay high wages to their coachmen, but are stingy in the matter of liveries and new hats? A neat "turn-out" need not be more costly than a poor one; but some thought and taste must be expended upon producing it, and the first axiom to be borne in mind is that no shabbiness should be revealed in any of its items. Old-fashioned harness with a carriage of a new shape, dirty gloves, an old hat, and ill-cut liveries put upon plump servants are incongruities which indicate a penny-wise spirit in the owner of the carriage. Indeed, the old saw about characters being betrayed in handwriting might be matched by another as to a man's character being known, in more senses than one, by his carriage.



### AMUSEMENTS

**INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION. LONDON.**  
PATRON—Her Majesty THE QUEEN.  
PRESIDENT—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.  
**HEALTH.**  
Food, Dress, the Dwelling, the School, and the Workshop.  
**EDUCATION.**  
Apparatus used in Primary, Technical, and Art Schools.  
Fresh and Sea Water Aquarium as at the Fisheries Exhibition.  
Free Library and Reading Room.  
**MILITARY BANDS.**  
FRENCH ENGINEERS, Conductor, Mons. Gustav Wettge.  
GRENADEIER GUARDS, Mr. Dan Godfrey.  
Concerts will be given in the Royal Albert Hall twice a week.  
Organ Recitals daily in the Albert Hall. Special Evening Fêtes on Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
The Gardens and Buildings are in the Evening Illuminated with Variegated Lamps, Japanese Lanterns, and Electric Light.  
OPEN DAILY, from 10.0 a.m. to 10.0 p.m., on Saturdays till 11.0 p.m.  
ADMISSION, One Shilling on Every Week Day except on Wednesdays, when it is open till 11.0 p.m., and the admission is 2s. 6d.  
For further details see London daily papers.  
Season Tickets, price 4s. 1s., may be obtained on application to the City Offices, 27, Great Winchester Street, London Wall; at the Exhibition, Railway Bookstalls, and the Libraries.

**LYCEUM.—TWELFTH NIGHT.—EVERY EVENING** at 8.15. Malvolio, Mr. Henry Irving; Viola, Miss Ellen Terry. "Twelfth Night" is not inferior in attractiveness to any former Shakespearian revival at the Lyceum, the house being crowded from floor to ceiling every night.—*Morning Post*, July 21.—Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.** Lighted by Electricity.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—EVERY EVENING, at a quarter to Eight, the Playgism in twenty minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a quarter past Eight, a New Play, in a Prologue and Three Acts, Written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Compys. Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at half-past Seven; carriages at 11. No fees. Box Office open daily from 11 to 5. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

**CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS and GUILD.** HALL ACADEMY OF ART EXHIBITION NOW OPEN at the Galleries, Guildhall. Admission, 6d.; Catalogues, 6d.—EDWARD WILLIAM PARKES, Esq., Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Hon. Secretary.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE** completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 5, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**"ANNO DOMINI." By EDWIN LONG, R.A.**—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CIGARET'S Picture of "CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB," and other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

### GOODWOOD RACES.

**GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.**  
SATURDAY, JULY 26th, and MONDAY, JULY 28th, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant (for Hayling Island), and Portsmouth (for Southsea and the Isle of Wight).  
SPECIAL TRAINS, FOR SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will leave VICTORIA SATURDAY, JULY 26th, at 7.50 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and Monday, July 28th, at 6.45 a.m., 7.50 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.  
Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.  
ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES  
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st and 3rd Class) will leave Kensington 7.10 a.m., Victoria 7.30 a.m., London Bridge 7.55 a.m.  
A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class), will leave Kensington 8.40 a.m., Victoria 9.0 a.m., and London Bridge 9.55 a.m. (Return fare, 2s. and 2s. 6d.).  
AN EXTRA SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (First Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. (Return fare, 3s.)  
FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Race Meetings:—First Class Tickets (not transferable), available from Saturday, July 26th, to Saturday, August 9th, inclusive.—Price FIVE POUNDS.  
TICKETS for the Special Trains, and the Fortnightly Tickets, may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; also at the West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which offices will remain open till 10.0 p.m. on July 25th, 26th, 27th, 30th, and 31st, and August 1st and 2nd.  
(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

### MIDLAND RAILWAY.

**SCOTLAND.**—Summer Service of Trains to Scotland by the MIDLAND ROUTE. The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m. from St. Pancras) is now running:—  

DOWN TRAINS.—WEEKDAYS	AD	C	BE	SUNDAYS
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras)	dep. 5.15	10.35	8.0	9.15
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	arr. 4.37	8.55	—	7.40
Greenock	5.56	9.40	—	8.12
Edinburgh (Waverley)	4.42	8.40	5.47	7.25
Perth	9.20	11.50	8.23	9.55
Oban	—	4.45	12.15	2.34
Aberdeen	—	3.20	11.40	2.15
INVERNESS	—	8.0	1.30	6.20

  
4.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. 8.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 on Saturday nights has no connection with Greenock, Oban, or places north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.  
C.—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Perth. D.—Pullman Drawing Room Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. E.—Pullman Sleeping Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow daily, also to Greenock except on Saturday mornings.  
These Cars are well ventilated, fitted with Lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a Special Attendant. First Class Passengers travel in the Drawing Room Cars attached to Day Express Trains WITHOUT EXTRA PAYMENT. For Berth in Sleeping Car the charge is 8s., in addition to the First Class Fare.  
The Evening Express leaving London at 9.15 p.m. reaches Greenock in time to enable Passengers to join the "HOLLYHED" and "IONA" Steamers for the Highlands. A Through Carriage is run from LONDON to Greenock by this Train, also by the 10.35 a.m. from St. Pancras.  
For particulars of Up Train Service from Scotland to London see Time Tables issued by the Company.  
JOHN NOBLE, General Manager, Midland Railway.

Derby, July, 1884.

**HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT.**—Direct Through Service via HARWICH (Parkston Quay) by the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S Fast Passenger Steamers to Antwerp and Rotterdam, from London, Liverpool Street Station, at 3 p.m., and direct through carriages from Manchester at 3 p.m., and Doncaster at 4.48 p.m. every Weekday, arriving at Antwerp and Rotterdam the next morning.  
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**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, one page entitled "THE BIBLE LESSON," by Mrs. Alma Tadema, the other, "THE LOVE TOKEN," by Herbert Gandy.



### ABYSSINIAN SKETCHES

#### CATHEDRAL OF ADOWA

THE Deputy Abuna and other Church dignitaries are leaving the Cathedral after service, a building exactly the same in style of architecture as any ordinary Abyssinian hut, only several times larger, and with the addition of a Coptic cross surmounting its conical-shaped thatched roof.

#### "PROTECTED FROM THE EVIL EYE"

THE Evil Eye is a superstition that pervades all classes in Abyssinia. The greatest care is taken to prevent one of these wicked orbs alighting on the performance of any of the ordinary functions of life when out and away from the walls and cover of an Abyssinian habitation.

The chief or beggar, if on a journey, will be protected from this terrible Ethiopian Paul Pry by a cloth held over him while taking his food. The sketch illustrates a chief going through the necessary performance of refreshing the inward man while protected by his followers in this way.

#### THE PENISTONE RAILWAY ACCIDENT

OF this terrible accident, one of the most fatal, except that of Abergele, which has ever taken place on an English railway, we gave a full account last week. Several more victims have since then succumbed to their injuries, bringing up the total number of deaths to some three or four and twenty. At Manchester a Government inquiry, and an inquest before the local coroner, are both going on. It has been clearly shown that the breakage which caused the disaster occurred in the main axle which connects the driving wheels, where a crack 4½ inches long, and running completely through the web, was found. This crack caused the wheels to lose their perpendicular, whereby the carriages got off the metals. It is said that no external examination could have revealed the defect, as the source of weakness—a quantity of inferior metal—was effectually concealed by a layer of good metal. A correspondent of the Times considers that, in spite of the sharp curve, the carriages would probably have kept their places on the rails when the axle broke, had not a horse-box with only four wheels been interposed between the engine and tender and the other vehicles. If all the carriages had had six wheels such an accident, he maintains, would have been of little consequence.

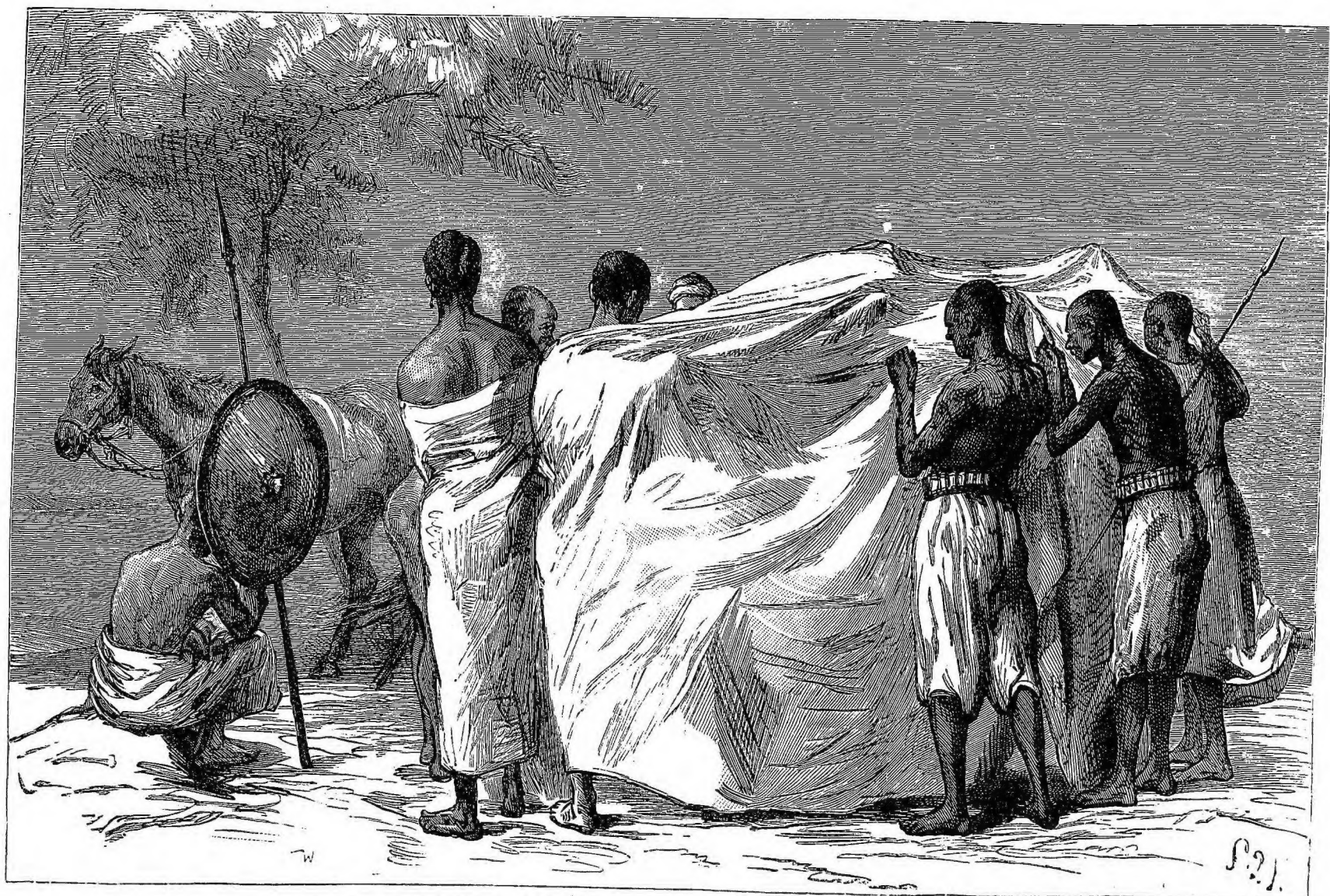
Our engravings will afford some idea of the shattering destruction wrought by the accident. If wood and iron could suffer so much, how much more human bodies. The wonder is, not that so many were killed, but that so many escaped. Bits of broken wood, newspapers, scraps, and other trifling objects, were eagerly carried away by visitors to the scene of the wreck. Several pilferers have been fined, and the guard of the train actually saw a man, within a short time after the crash occurred, trying to steal a gold watch from the body of a lady.

Turning to a pleasanter topic, the services rendered by Mrs. Hinchcliff, of Bullhouse, deserve recognition here. Directly the calamity occurred, this lady sent to the spot every requisite she could, with refreshments for the sufferers and the rescuing parties. Many of the injured were taken to her residence, which was kept open for all engaged in the melancholy work.





DEPUTY ABUNA LEAVING THE "CATHEDRAL" AT ADOWA AFTER PRAYERS



AN ABYSSINIAN CHIEF DINING IN THE OPEN—SERVANTS KEEPING OFF THE EVIL EYE WITH THEIR TOGAS

WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

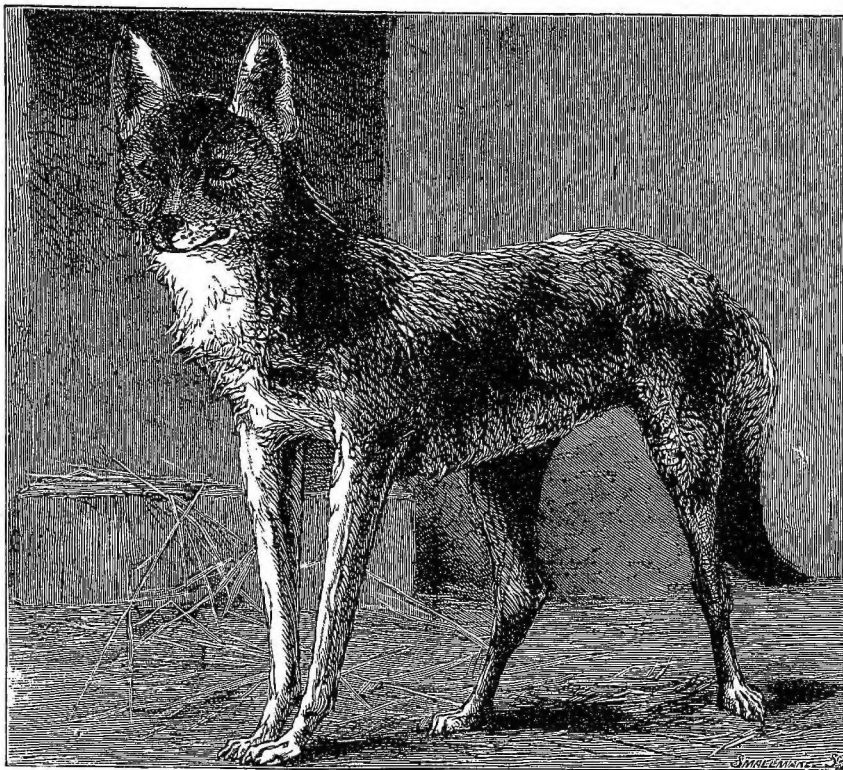


## AN ENGLISH WOLF

CONCERNING the animal depicted in our engraving, which has aroused much interest among naturalists and others, Mr. A. D. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, writes thus:—"The prairie wolf now being exhibited in these gardens was presented by Mr. R. Payze, of Leytonstone, who says he bought the animal about a year ago. It was then a very small cub; it was one of three that had been taken in Epping Forest by some farm labourers, Mr. Payze believing at the time that it was a fox cub. Its subsequent growth, however, caused him to suspect that it was not a fox, and as it became troublesome on account of its destructive habits, notwithstanding that it had been reared perfectly tame, he decided to get rid of it, and accordingly presented it to this Society. Inquiry is now being instituted with a view to ascertain, if possible, the manner in which the parents had been introduced into that part of the country. It is said that, some years ago, some foreign cubs, supposed to be foxes, were turned out in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest."

## THE FRANCHISE BILL DEMONSTRATION

WHATEVER its political significance, Monday's march to Hyde Park brought more sightseers into London streets than



A PRAIRIE WOLF, CAUGHT IN EPPING FOREST  
Now Being Exhibited at the Zoological Gardens

had been seen there since the Princess Alexandra was married to the Prince of Wales in 1863.

On the whole the weather was favourable. The cool moist air and clouded sky was less fatiguing to the processionists than baking heat would have been, but the heavy shower which poured down shortly before six o'clock was not so pleasant. It lasted, however, but a short time, and was succeeded by bright sunshine.

Everybody has lately heard the quotation, almost *ad nauseam*, of the Iron Duke's celebrated saying about the difficulty of getting thirty thousand men in and out of Hyde Park. Since his day political gatherings have been frequent in that extensive area; and it has been found that the comparatively meagre amount of marshalling and discipline observed by the processionists has sufficed to prevent them from getting hopelessly "clubbed" in disorder.

Monday's experience, however, shows that if a similar occasion should occur again, it would be well, supposing the Thames Embankment to be the place of rendezvous, to begin the march Parkwards at an earlier hour. Five P.M. was fixed as the hour for beginning the speechifying, but at that time less than half the procession had reached the Park.

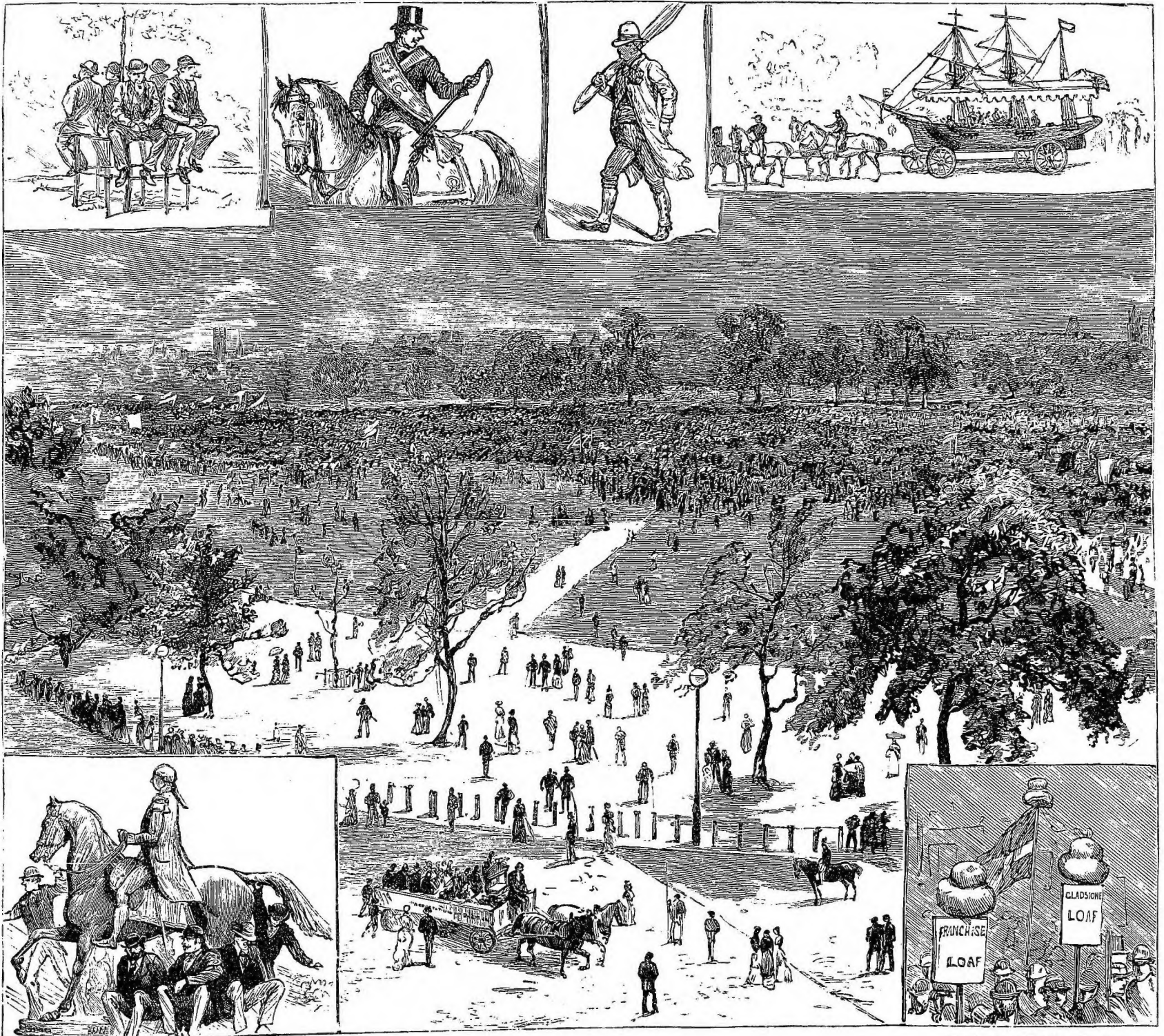
Nearly three thousand police kept the line which was taken by the procession, but their duties were chiefly confined to chivving the London Boy, who was present in great force. They were pretty successful

Waiting for the Procession

A Marshal

An Agricultural Labourer

The Fairlop Ship



A Regal Stand

Gladstone Loaf and Franchise Loaf

THE GREAT REFORM DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK  
GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEETINGS AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE MARBLE ARCH, AND NOTES IN THE STREETS DURING THE PROCESSION



in preventing him from climbing trees, but they could not keep him from mounting garden walls, clambering railings, or sitting on the sphinxes which guard Cleopatra's Needle.

The services of the police were not seriously required, because the utmost good humour and mutual forbearance was observed. Any political bitterness which existed was confined to some of the war cries displayed on the banners. It would be rash, however, to infer from this outward placidity that the processionists were actuated by no other motive than what would have been the somewhat foolish one of taking a very fatiguing day's holiday by marching about the streets. They were good-humoured, because they appreciated—more accurately probably than either ultra-Radical or ultra-Tory journalists imagine—the reasons of the Peers for blocking the progress of the Franchise Bill; but at the same time they are quite in earnest in their desire to have the Bill passed, and we firmly believe that Lord Salisbury could not do a more statesmanlike action than by going to the House and saying: "My lords, I see the error of my ways, the people want this Bill passed without delay or subterfuge. Let us therefore pass it at once. We will then be in a far stronger position to deal with the Redistribution Question, and to ensure that it is arranged with reasonable fairness."

Leaving these speculations as to what might be, let us glance at the procession. Its component elements were not especially interesting or picturesque, though the bands of music imparted considerable liveliness to the scene, but its vastness invested it with dignity. This was especially noticeable at two points of view.

On the Embankment, between Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, the long avenue between the plane trees was one line of closely-packed slow-moving human beings. At Hyde Park Corner again the scene was very impressive. As far as the eye could reach it encountered one mass of human beings, seemingly packed as thickly as herrings in a barrel.

Among the more noticeable features of the long-drawn procession were the Mounted Farriers, who were of great use in marshalling the multitudes on foot; the revolutionary emblems, caps of liberty, and the like, which were occasionally displayed; the marrow-bone and cleaver band; the full-rigged ship of the shipping trades; the three loaves, the big one for the Franchise, a medium one for Gladstone, and a very little one for Lord Salisbury; the glass helmets and swords of the glass-makers; and above all, the farm labourers from Kent and Sussex. There were some six thousand of these strong, sturdy, sun-browned fellows, respectably dressed, and bearing ribbon-decked hop-poles.

The Processionists reached the Park so late that the speeches were somewhat shorn of their attractions. The programme was, however, carried out, and the chairmen of the various meetings delivered their addresses. These, except to the persons marshalled immediately round the waggons, were merely dumb show, and but little attention was paid to them.

It had been intended that the Resolution condemning the action of the House of Lords should be made from the various platforms by the blast of a bugle. This, however, was found to be impracticable, owing to the braying of numerous brass bands. The Resolution, however, was put and carried, and here the aim of the day's gathering may be said to have terminated.

After this the elements of fun and mischief began to display themselves, various orators climbed the platforms and aired their hobbies, some of them afterwards being hustled and mobbed.

Meanwhile, the regular Processionists were slowly filing into Oxford Street by way of the Marble Arch. By eight o'clock the banners, hop-poles, and other accessories had disappeared, and soon after Hyde Park was clear of all beyond the usual frequenters.

"Considered as a feat of organisation," says the *Standard*, "the demonstration must be considered as a decided success. Its vast proportions were managed without the occurrence of a single serious hitch, the marshals accomplishing the difficult exploit not only of getting the Procession into the Park but of getting it out—and they are to be congratulated on the peaceful and orderly conduct of the vast assemblage they brought together."

#### TERRITORY RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS IN EAST AFRICA

A REUTER'S telegram lately stated that the Military Political Agent at Aden, accompanied by H.M. gun-vessels *Arab* and *Ranger* and an Indian Government steamer, had "annexed" Berbera, a seaport town in the Somali country nearly opposite Aden. An annual fair is held there from October to April, attended by 10,000 to 20,000 persons. Some of the French papers are very indignant at this so-called "annexation." "But," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "Berbera is really in Egyptian territory, and it is absurd to talk of its being annexed by England." We are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings are taken, and for the following description, to Mr. E. Bidault, photographer, Steamer Point, Aden.

Berbera lies some 150 miles due south of Aden. It is the port of Ogadain and the Eastern Somali country. It remained independent until 1874, when Egypt annexed the port. So far as appearances go, the newer portion of Berbera is more civilised-looking than any town in tropical Africa south of Suez. Water has been brought in by pipes from Durbar, a distance of eight miles. There is a good pier, the public buildings are excellent of their kind, and the harbour is commodious and sufficiently deep to admit vessels of large draught. The place, however, is not visited by merchant steamers, except the Khédivial fortnightly boats. All the produce is carried to Aden in country craft. The imports consist of cotton piece goods, grain, dates, provisions, and treasure, and aggregate 110,000*l.* annually in value. The exports are valued at 100,000*l.*, and consist of live stock, feathers, gum, hides, skins, ivory, ghee, and treasure. Aden is almost entirely dependent on Berbera for its meat supply. The population is fluctuating, as the Somalis only visit the coast in large numbers during the trading season, between October and April. There is a roadstead some forty miles westward, called Bulhar, whence large quantities of live stock are exported to Aden. Berbera and Bulhar are as nearly free ports as any places under Egyptian rule are ever likely to be. The Somali tribes in the neighbourhood live by plundering one another, and but little can be done by the Khédive's officers to prevent raiding or protect kafilahs. The present Governor, Abdul Rehman Bey, is an intelligent and energetic man, although he is occasionally in disfavour with the Somalis when he heavily punishes looting; yet, on the whole, he is a superior specimen of an Egyptian Governor. The present garrison of Berbera consists of about 250 men, of whom some are stationed at Durbar and some at Bulhar. Berbera is totally unfortified, and could be captured with ease by a night attack.

The Somalis are a remarkably intelligent race, and are sufficiently courageous in hand-to-hand encounters with their own countrymen. They are armed with a shield and two spears—one of the latter is thrown. A long-bladed dagger is also bound round the waist, to be used in close combats. They have a wholesome terror of fire-arms, and possess none. There are many tribes of Somalis, each having its own characteristics. Perhaps the best account of the race will be found in Burton's "First Footsteps in East Africa."

#### THE CHOLERA

##### THE CORDON ROUND GIBRALTAR

SINCE July 2 the Spanish authorities have placed a cordon round Gibraltar, at about the middle of the Neutral Ground, on a line drawn between the two guardhouses of the Spaniards on the Eastern

and Western beach, with marquees for police accommodation on either side. The cordon is a cause of great annoyance both to the inhabitants of Gibraltar, who are paying through the nose for provisions, and also to the country folk of the adjacent Spanish territory, who are dependent on the British settlement for their livelihood. But it is also a source of great amusement. Certain hours in the day are told off, when bargaining may go on; but the bargainer and the bargainee are not allowed to approach each other, and all the money passing from one to another is first washed in a pail of vinegar. Ditto, letters! A miserable little cur belonging to a native of Gibraltar ran across the line of the cordon, and was promptly captured and soused in the vinegar-bucket, before being kicked back to its sorrowing master.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Arthur A. M. Layard, R.E.

##### FUMIGATING PASSENGERS AT AVIGNON

THOSE persons whom business takes to the infected districts of Southern France—for few are likely to resort thither for pleasure at the present time—will be glad to learn that the fumigation system at the Marseilles and Toulon Railway Stations has been abolished as useless and vexatious. This disagreeable ordeal was in full force at Avignon early in the month, as is shown by this sketch by Mr. E. Prioleau Warren, A.R.I.B.A., who, with other unfortunates, was exposed for a quarter of an hour to the fumes of strong carbolic acid.

##### A CHOLERA FUMIGATING BOX

IN Geneva, according to another correspondent, Mr. Thomas Howie, still more stringent precautions are adopted. The suspected person is placed in a box which is about six feet high, and in which he stands upright, with only his head outside, a towel being wrapped



round his neck. The process occupies from three to four minutes, and the disinfectants used are chloride of lime and carbolic acid. The top piece of the box is made to slide in, and is removed when the process is completed by simply pulling outwards. While the sliding board is being removed the towel comes in handy as a respirator.

##### VISCOUNTESS FOLKESTONE'S CONCERT AT THE PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY

ALTHOUGH an orchestra of ladies is not altogether a novelty, and a lady conductor appeared as long ago as the time of Samuel Pepys, the circumstances under which the Viscountess Folkestone gave two concerts at Prince's Hall last week were sufficiently new to warrant a brief description. Lady Folkestone organised her string orchestra and choir in 1882, when she gave a concert at Stafford House in aid of the Royal College of Music. The band, like the choir, formed exclusively from the gentler sex, numbers many ladies of the nobility, and it comprises fourteen first and thirteen second violins, eight violas, eight violoncellos, and even three lady players of that cumbersome instrument, the double bass. These ladies, under the *bâton* of Lady Folkestone, played the march from Handel's "Occasional" overture, the "Lullaby" from Mr. F. H. Cowen's string suite, "In the Olden Time," and the so-called "Concerto Grosso," which is, however, an arrangement by Geminiani of the tenth of the twelve violin sonatas written by Corelli at Rome in 1700. The choir sang a chorus from Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's "Song of Victory," Mendelssohn's "Now May Again," and Mr. Henry Leslie's part song, "The Swallow." The audience, however, probably cared less for the music than the performers.

It was a very pretty sight to see Lady Folkestone's executants, the instrumentalists dressed in white, with shoulder-knots of pink or blue, occupying the platform; while the choristers, also dressed in white, with breast-knots of pink, white, or dark red roses, were arranged in tiers of seats at the background. The display of diamonds almost equalled that at a Court concert. The first of Lady Folkestone's concerts was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and two of their daughters, and the Princess Louise, and at the conclusion of the performance the Royal party shook hands with and warmly congratulated the fair conductor.

##### WIMBLEDON CAMP

MARKSMANSHIP is, or ought to be, the be-all and end-all of Wimbledon Camp. Nevertheless, a person totally uninterested in shooting—if there be such an unpatriotic wretch in existence—cannot help deriving pleasure from a visit there.

In the first place, the walk from Putney Station across Wimbledon Common—one of the prettiest open spaces within a like radius from Charing Cross—is highly enjoyable.

Then the Camp comes into view, with its snow-white tents of all shapes and sizes, enlivened by innumerable flags and banners. To the old Australian the scene recalls one of the gold-mining townships—Ballarat or Bendigo—as they were thirty years ago, before canvas dwellings had been replaced by solid buildings of brick and stone; only the general effect at Wimbledon—as becomes a military encampment, is smarter, trimmer, and neater than was that of the auriferous settlements on the quartz-bearing ranges of Victoria.

Not even the Gold Commissioner, who was the biggest "boss" of the community, could boast such an elegant canvas habitation as

that of Earl de Grey, for the sight of which alone it is worth paying Wimbledon a visit, with its beautiful flowers, its deer's horns over the entrance, and its artistic interior, carpeted with tiger skins, and decorated with bronze and china monsters.

But besides this, which is the gem of the collection, there are plenty of aristocratic tents, provided with bedsteads, chests of drawers, wash-stands and all the usual appliances of civilisation.

Perhaps, however, the visitor looks with more respect on the little round tents wherein four or more Volunteers foregather, and where the furniture consists of some uncompromising brown blankets rolled up, a tin can or two, and some empty soda-water bottles. In such an abode as this dwells the man—often a pawky Scot—who comes to Wimbledon, not to flirt with fascinating young ladies over afternoon tea, but to shoot, and to win prizes. He may be stigmatised as a "pot-hunter," but nevertheless it is he, and such as he—and not the luxurious fellows who come down "for the fun of the thing, don't you know," and to entertain their friends—who are the mainstay of Wimbledon.

Even if not interested in shooting, the visitor cannot fail to be attracted to those spots where the continual crack of the Martini-Henry or the Snider proclaim that war against the butts is being carried on vigorously. The noise may make his (and still more her) headache, but the sight is worth seeing. First the marksmen, some in uniform, some in mufti, lying down in all sorts of positions, picturesque or the reverse, but rarely standing, as in the old days of Brown Bess. Then the targets are an attraction. No sooner is one hit than down it sinks, like a Moncrieff gun, and up comes another target with a square in the corner, indicating, according to its position, whether it was an outer, a magpie, an inner, or a bull's-eye. Here, too, we see the Running Deer, looking marvellously at first sight like a genuine buck of the forests, trotting philosophically to and fro, indifferent to the hail of lead poured upon him; or we see the Mullens Prize shot for, where the targets are counterfeit presentments of infantry soldiers. Interesting, too, are the scorers, working under umbrellas as a protection against sun and rain, or under two-sided shelters, like the "mi-mis" of Australian blackfellows.

In the stores, which especially recall the similar establishments of the goldfields, we may get everything, from a waterproof coat to a methylated spirit kitchener. Then we enter the Exhibition Tent, where a number of extra prizes, given by sundry enterprising manufacturers or tradesmen, are on show. We pass the tramway which brings visitors from the Wimbledon Station, and which will be removed as soon as the Camp breaks up. And finally we refresh ourselves in the excellent canteen. Here prize-shootists may be seen steadying their future aim with a pint of "mother-in-law," or "a wee drappie" of "whuskey." The canteen is such a solid, permanent-looking erection that it is difficult to believe that soon after these lines appear in print it will be pulled to pieces, and its component parts, duly numbered, stowed away in one of the rifle butts until next July.

##### THE CONFERENCE

THE first, and therefore merely formal meeting of the representatives of the European Powers invited to attend the Conference on Egyptian finances, together with the financial experts whom they have called to their aid, met on June 28th, at 3 P.M., in the Foreign Office, Downing Street. After a brief conversation the company adjourned to the Conference Room. This apartment adjoins the reception-room, to the south of the grand stairway, and is the chamber in which the Danubian Commission recently sat. The Plenipotentiaries and the financial experts took their seats around a large table, Lord Granville, according to the diplomatic etiquette, which rules that the Foreign Minister of the country wherein a Conference is held shall preside at the deliberations, taking the chair. The names of the members, the countries which they represent, and the several positions which they hold are printed on the engraving. It may be remarked, however, that the Porte regards the two Egyptian delegates, Blum and Tigrane Pashas, as representatives of Turkey as well as of Egypt.

As soon as the Conference had assembled, a brief statement of the purport of their deliberations was made by Lord Granville. Then the Protocols were chosen, and two sets of printed papers were handed round to each of the representatives. The first showed the financial condition of Egypt, assigning various causes for the present state of affairs, and pointing out the necessity of taking prompt measures for the relief of their difficulties. The second set of papers contained the scheme of financial relief for Egypt proposed by Mr. Gladstone's Government. This done, the Conference adjourned for the purpose of digesting the details of the scheme.

These details have not been favourably received by the Continental representatives, especially those of France. Sir E. Baring's proposal to reduce the Land Tax in Egypt, and consequently the interest of the Debt, meets with much opposition. French publicists say that, if this is conceded, the principle will be established of the right of all States to repudiate at pleasure their National Debts. It is rumoured, however, that a compromise has been effected in the shape of an income tax, which will be levied on all persons of means, with the exception of the fellaheen and the holders of State securities.

Our engravings are from photographs, as follows:—Earl Granville, Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Right Hon. H. Childers, Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, W.; Sir E. Baring, Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta; Mr. Currie, A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; M. Waddington, Theodor Prüm, Berlin; Count Münster, Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.; Musurus Pasha, Abdullah Frères, Constantinople; Count Karolyi, Walery, 5, Conduit Street, W.; Count Nigra, Bergamasco, Milan; M. Derenthal, Borelli, Rome; Blum Pasha, Adèle, Vienna; M. Barrère and Tigrane Pasha, Schoefft, Cairo.

##### "THE BIBLE LESSON"

MRS. ALMA TADEMA has chosen a very interesting and suggestive subject for her picture. In the days when Dutch tiles—as they are called—were habitually used for lining fireplaces, the pictorial embellishments were usually descriptive of incidents from the Holy Scriptures. Thus, in a very easy and pleasant way, without the tedium which the production of a book is apt to inflict on the restless temperament of youth, the elders could impart a great deal of sound and wholesome instruction to their juniors.

##### "THE LOVE TOKEN"

THE incident here is unmistakeably pathetic, though various persons may differ as to its exact interpretation. From the girl's sorrowful expression, and the fervour with which she kisses the faded flower, it may be surmised that the course of true love has not in this case run altogether smoothly. It may be merely that he is far away, fighting perhaps in some distant land, on the ocean, or some other place of peril; it may be that he is dead; it may be—this is the hardest of all to bear—that though she still loves him, or at least the recollection of what he was, he has ceased to love her, or has proved unworthy of her affection.

##### "FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 59.

##### AN ASCENT OF THE SCHILTHORN

THESE engravings (which are from drawings by Miss Livingstone, 6, Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh) are self-explanatory, but some



of our readers, who do not happen to have a Baedeker or a "J. E. M." handy, may be glad to be reminded of the whereabouts of the Schilthorn. Everybody who knows anything about Switzerland knows that, of all the Alpine villages in the Interlaken region, one of the most favourite resorts for excursionists is Mürren, in the upper valley of Lauterbrunnen. From Mürren, which itself stands 5,347 feet above the sea, there is a magnificent prospect of mountains: the Eiger, the Mönch, the Black Mönch, and the ever-fascinating Jungfrau are all "just over the way." Then Mürren is overshadowed by the Schilthorn, a mountain rising some 4,000 feet above the village, and climbable in about four hours. From the top—nearly 10,000 feet above the sea—a splendid panorama is unfolded, not only of the Jungfrau, and of the other chief mountains of the Bernese Oberland, but also of the Mer de Glace near Chamounix, the Rigi, and the North of Switzerland.

## YACHT RACING ON THE CLYDE

THE first week of the Clyde fortnight was sadly marred from want of wind, since upon the first two days' sailing the waters of the "bonny Clyde" resembled the water placed upon canvas rather than that which is usually to be seen in that lovely district. The Mudhook Yacht Club, who exercised their usual hearty hospitality, opened the ball with two days' racing for valuable prizes. The big race on the first day was confined to the once-famous class of forty-tonners. *Annasona*, *Scuth Hound*, and *Tara* were the starters. When the starting guns fired there was little or no wind, and after a fewcat's-pawsit died out to a "roaring calm." At the finish *Annasona* and *Scuth Hound* had a fine south-west breeze, and made a pretty race of it, *Annasona* eventually winning, while *Tara* drifted in about an hour or so later, with a little air from the northward. A ten-ton race followed, in which *Ulerin* got a long lead of *Marguerite* and *Neptune*, and won anyhow. There was scarcely any wind.

The same want of wind characterised the next day, when the following fleet of fine vessels started, viz., *Wendur*, *Genesta*, *Irex*, *Marjorie*, *Vanduaara*, *Lenore*, and *Marguerite*. The first four came in in the order given. A five-ton race, won by *Delvin*, followed the first-class match.

On the 4th inst., when the annual regatta of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club took place, the weather was very different, as in the early part of the day there was a fine breeze from the north-east, and later on a heavy thunderstorm. The four yachts, *Irex*, *Wendur*, *Marjorie*, and *Genesta* all finishing within three minutes of each other made a pretty sight. The racing on the second day was, if anything, worse than the first, calms and thunder squalls prevailing. *Marjorie* secured the Cup and Flag by completing the course, which the others declined to do after dark and without wind.

We borrow the above particulars, which describe the racing of this year, from the *World*, but readers are requested to note that our engravings are from instantaneous photographs taken last year, although several of the same vessels were present on both occasions.



ON THE GROUND that they are "limited in time by the arrangements for winding-up the Session," Mr. Gladstone has declined for his colleagues and himself the Lord Mayor's invitation to the usual Mansion House banquet. For the same reason, the Premier intimated, the Ministerial fish dinner is to be abandoned for this year. Mr. Gladstone, it is announced, will visit and address his Midlothian constituents towards the end of August.

THE LIBERAL ORGANISATIONS throughout the country continue to pass resolutions protesting against the apparent rejection of the Franchise Bill by the Peers, and generally against the right of a mainly hereditary body to control the action of the Parliamentary representatives of the nation. The Great Demonstration in London on Monday is described in "Our Illustrations." Among the other numerous Liberal demonstrations with the same object may be mentioned one at Accrington, at which was read a letter from Mr. Bright, who said in it that "a 'Parliament controlled by hereditary peers is no better, perhaps it is worse, than a Parliament influenced and controlled by a despotic monarch.'"

CONSERVATIVE ORGANISATIONS are also showing great activity in passing resolutions in support of the majority of the House of Peers, and these are generally forwarded to Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, who reply to them in suitable terms. Hitherto Conservative air demonstrations have not been so numerous or conspicuous as those of the Liberals; one of the most noticeable of them was an open-air gathering of 6,000 Conservative working-men and others at Barrow-in-Furness. An organised series of Conservative demonstrations in the autumn is talked of. On the 5th of August Sir Stafford Northcote is to address a great gathering of Conservatives at Liverpool.

ADDRESSING A CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION at Sheffield on Tuesday, Lord Salisbury compared the Prime Minister's recent withdrawal of legislative measures before Parliament to the behaviour of a man who, after some domestic quarrel, broke all his crockery to show how much he felt it. After recapitulating the history of past Reform Bills to prove that enfranchisement had been always accompanied by redistribution, Lord Salisbury gave some quotations from speeches and letters in which Mr. Bright had insisted that Redistribution is the very soul of the question of Parliamentary Reform. Touching on the statement that the Conservatives do not like the enfranchisement of agricultural labourers, Lord Salisbury said that at Wilton, a largely rural borough, in which the agricultural labourers already enjoy household suffrage, Mr. Joseph Arch himself had been rejected by an enormous majority in favour of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the brother of the popular landlord, Lord Pembroke. When there was a conflict of interests in rural districts, it was not between the landlord and the agricultural labourer, but between the landlord and the farmer; and, if considerations of the kind are to be imported into the discussion, Lord Salisbury thought that the agricultural labourers might be regarded as rather an assistance than an injury to the landlord. The Ministry were afraid of the verdict of the constituencies, and wished, before being brought up for judgment, to change the tribunal. When the House of Commons is changing its own Constitution, it is really encroaching upon the right of the people who send members to it, and it is the business of a Second Chamber to see that the Representative Chamber does not alter the tenure of its own power so as to give a perpetual lease of that power to the party in predominance at the moment. The present House of Commons, Lord Salisbury added, was not elected on the question of Reform, but upon issues that had passed away. Its life was nearly spent, and it was the most servile House ever seen. Yet the Conservatives were blamed because they would not allow this discredited House to settle the Constitution on an inequitable basis; and, instead of appealing to the constituencies, the Ministers appealed to the streets, they attempted legislation by pic-nic, and talked of inalienable rights which they have ignored until it is just so far off dissolution that they have the opportunity, as they think, of pressing Parliament to take any measure of Redistribution which they please to offer.

ON TUESDAY, TOO, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE ADDRESSED A MEETING at King's Lynn in support of the candidature of Lord Cranborne, Lord Salisbury's eldest son, who is to stand for that borough, in conjunction with Mr. Bourke, at the general election. After some laudatory references to Lord Cranborne as one who had a career before him, Sir Stafford criticised the recent policy of the Government at home and abroad. On the question of the hour, he said that the Peers had not set themselves against the people, but against the Government—a very different thing. They had not thrown out the Reform Bill; that Bill was alive now, and it was in the power of the Government to keep it alive, by undertaking to deal with the whole subject before it became law. Lord Salisbury was accused of being an enemy of the people; but the speaker had never known any one with kindlier feelings towards the people, and who had worked more for their benefit. In fact, he was now labouring with great effect for the improvement of the dwellings of the people, which was a far more practical object than half the measures which the Government were putting forward. Sir Stafford Northcote concluded by urging that an appeal should be made to the constituencies which returned the present Parliament.

AT THE ORDINARY HOUSE DINNER of the Devonshire Club, on Wednesday, Mr. Chamberlain delivered a rattling speech in reply to Lord Salisbury at Sheffield. He ridiculed Lord Salisbury's protestations of a desire for the extension of the franchise coupled with a demand for an appeal to the people. If Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain said, trusted the people, and, above all, if he trusted those 2,000,000 of capable citizens now waiting for enfranchisement, why did he wish to exclude them from the appeal which he wishes? One great advantage from the agitation produced by Lord Salisbury's policy was, that the new voters would be educated before being called on to exercise their political rights. They would learn to distinguish their friends from their foes.

THE MAORI KING AND CHIEFS had an interview with Lord Derby at the Colonial Office on Tuesday, to present a memorial complaining of breaches of the Treaty of Waitangi, and pointing out how the grievances of the natives might be redressed. Mr. Gorst, in introducing the Deputation, said that practically what they wanted was to have Home Rule in those parts of New Zealand which were inhabited exclusively by the native races, and he contended that this could be effected by an Order in Council. The King, and four of his chiefs, then briefly, and in succession, addressed Lord Derby, who, in reply, said that whatever the authority of the Colonial Office theoretically, practically the almost entire power of managing their own affairs had been handed over to the inhabitants of New Zealand, and therefore he could give no opinion on the memorial without consulting the Government of that Colony. Lord Derby also intimated his belief that it would be more in the interest of the Maoris, as well as of the Europeans, that they should not remain separate communities, but that as far as might be, not necessarily in haste, but in the end, they should live under one law, and be subject to the same rule.

ON TUESDAY, with the finish of the competition for Her Majesty's prize, the camp at Wimbledon was the scene of greater excitement than has been witnessed there for many years. Just before the close victory lay between Corporal Parry, of the 2nd Cheshire, and Sergeant Taylor, of the 1st Lanark, the Silver Medallist of the year, and Privant Gallant, of the 8th Middlesex. When Corporal Parry fired his last shot he was equal with Taylor, the score of each being 109, but Taylor had another shot to fire, and the hopes of the Scotch in camp were high—that for the third time in successive years the prize would be carried off from the Southron. But Taylor's last shot missed, the bullet striking just below the bull's-eye, and Private Gallant, whose score was also 109, and who had one shot left him, stepped forward, and firing successfully, amid breathless silence, was acknowledged the winner of the Queen's Prize of 250*l*. Invested by Lady Wilnot in due form with his gold badge, he was chaired and carried in triumph through the camp. The hero of Tuesday is, it is understood, a hair-dresser at Twickenham. He had not before been in the Sixty. On Wednesday the Kolapore Cup was carried off by the Canadian team with a total score of 665, against 660 of the Home, and 576 of the Indian team.

AT A MEETING OF THE GOVERNING BODY OF ETON COLLEGE on Monday the Rev. E. Warre, one of the senior assistant-masters, was elected Head Master, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Hornby, who, at the same meeting, was installed Provost.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE RESERVE SQUADRON in Bantry Bay on Monday afternoon, Admiral Hoskins having signalled for it to form into two divisions for the night, the two vessels which formed the third division, the *Defence* and the *Valiant*, came broadside on to each other. Some damage was done to the *Valiant*, and still more to the *Defence*, the captain of which is to be tried by a Court-Martial for negligence.

THE PRACTICE OF attacking detached parties of the military is growing in Limerick. Several Artillerymen were recently assaulted by three young men, one of whom said that they did not want English soldiers there, and would take every opportunity of being revenged on them. One of the three was convicted, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.

THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE of several recent fires in the metropolis was that which broke out on Saturday at New Crane Wharf, Shadwell, in a warehouse which was stored with coffee, sugar, pepper, shellac, &c., and a large quantity of Australian wool. In spite of the exertions of upwards of a hundred officers and men, and the employment of no fewer than seventeen steamers, with five floats, it was long before the fire was subdued. The falling of the walls of the warehouse inflicted severe injuries on some of the firemen. The damage done by the fire is estimated at 100,000*l*.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of Mr. Justice Watkin Williams (of whom there is a notice in our "Legal" column); of Mr. John Horatio Lloyd, of the Inner Temple, the first member for Stockport after its enfranchisement in 1832, and frequently consulted by the Liberal leaders, who placed great reliance on his political judgment, in his eighty-sixth year; of Mr. Cesar Hawkins, Sergeant-Surgeon to Her Majesty, and Consulting Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, a distinguished surgeon and writer on surgery, who was consulted by four generations of the Royal Family, and whose family have furnished St. George's Hospital with surgeons for a century and a half, within a few weeks of completing his eighty-sixth year; of Mr. Hewitt-Davies, formerly known as the author of disquisitions intended to reconcile farmers to the principles of which he established a cotton-spinning mill, in his seventieth year; of Canon Fenn, incumbent of Christ Church, Cheltenham, where he laboured indefatigably for the spiritual and social welfare of the working classes in particular; of Sir Lawrence Peel, a first cousin of Sir Robert Peel, the statesman, in his eighty-fifth year. Called to the Bar in 1824, he went to India, and rose to be successively Advocate-General in Calcutta, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court there, and Vice-President of the Legislative Council. Returning to England he became a Director of the East India Company, and in 1871 a paid member of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. He was also Treasurer of the Middle Temple. In 1860 he published a "Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel," which contains many interesting anecdotes not only of the statesman, but of the family to which both belonged.



HOSPITAL SUNDAY AND SATURDAY are to be introduced at the Antipodes. Brisbane will set the example.

THE QUEEN'S LAST BOOK will shortly be translated into Old Norman-French, for the benefit of the Channel Islanders.

TATTOOING is highly popular in New York just now. Business men and frequent travellers like to have their name, crest, or initials marked on their arm or chest for identification in case of accident.

THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S, AT ROME, has been under repair for eleven years, and the restoration works are only just finished. The whole of the vast cupola has been recovered with lead, chiefly given by pious Spaniards.

A HISTORIC TREE OF LIBERTY was destroyed at Strassburg last week by a thunderstorm—a tall poplar, planted in 1792 to commemorate the foundation of the French Republic. The Strassburgers carried off most of the branches as relics.

A PERILOUS SAIL ACROSS THE ATLANTIC has been undertaken by a venturesome American. He is crossing in a little dory, 17 feet long, such as are used by fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland, and his craft is the smallest ever launched on such a venture. The *Harold J. Bibber* is provisioned for six months, although the owner expects to make the trip in 100 days, and the only other occupant is a dog.

SUNDAY ART EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON certainly seem to flourish. Last Sunday 654 people visited the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in the two hours and a-half during which the collection was open under the auspices of the Sunday Society. Meanwhile, some of the members of the Society were invited by the Duke of Wellington to view his pictures at Apsley House, and next Sunday they will be admitted to the Grosvenor Gallery.

DR. KOCH'S DISCOVERY OF THE CHOLERA GERM was anticipated thirty years ago by an Italian, Dr. Filippo Pacini—so says a Milan journal. Dr. Pacini wrote a treatise in 1854 in the *Italian Medical Gazette*, wherein he speaks of the cholera being due to "a very simple organism, which I shall call a choleraic microbe." This article was translated into English in the Report on the Cholera Epidemic of 1866, and has since been republished several times. By the way, the cholera outbreak has produced a new term of contempt amongst Paris cabmen. They style each other "microbes."

ALPINE CLIMBING is very dangerous this season, owing to the looseness of the snow. The English however are to the fore, as usual, and a British tourist has made the first ascent of Monte Rosa for the year, reaching the summit in sixteen hours. Three other parties followed closely upon his steps. Another Englishman is waiting to scale the Matterhorn, which is particularly unfavourable at present. Switzerland already feels the effect of the cholera panic. Usually at this season the railways and hotels are crowded, but now the tide of travellers has turned towards Germany and the Tyrol, for tourists fear not only the cholera itself, but the woes of quarantine.

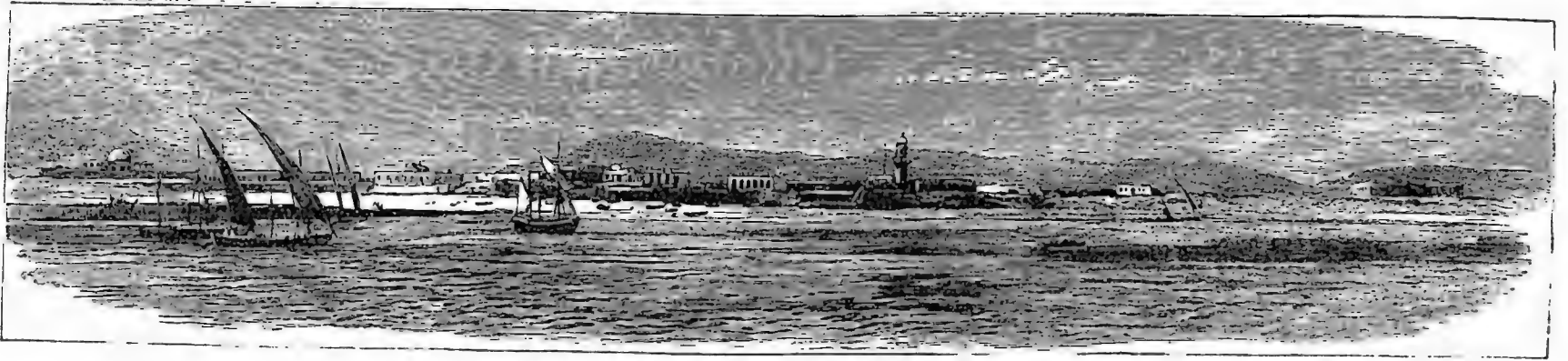
PRAIRIE WOLVES NOW HAUNT EPPING FOREST, and one of our engravings illustrates a specimen. A few further particulars may be of interest. A few years ago four cubs, believed to be young foxes, were brought from abroad, and turned loose in Ongar Wood, where they have apparently thriven and multiplied. Evidently these were cub prairie wolves, and since then a large grey animal—supposed to be a fox—has been frequently chased by the hounds, but has always escaped, probably because the prairie wolf, unlike the fox, has no scent. Hay-carriers, too, passing through the Forest, have often seen "curiously-coloured cub foxes." According to *Land and Water*, the less frequented parts of Epping Forest are well adapted to the animal's habits, and it is probable that many of the young ones have been sold in London as cub foxes. Although these Mexican "coyotes" will do little harm to man, they may seriously damage the live stock of the neighbourhood, if it prove true that they are acclimatised in the Forest.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.—We cannot appeal more eloquently for aid to this most deserving charity than by citing the following dry facts. The hospital contains 206 Beds, and is situated in one of the poorest and most populous parts of London. It is practically a free hospital, for while there is a bed to spare, no person of the class for whom it was founded is ever turned away. The important work carried on is absolutely essential to the welfare of London, and is shown by the following facts:—In-patients admitted in 1883, 2,094; out-patients treated, 21,408; casualties attended to, 6,183; midwifery cases at the homes of poor married women, 657. The total income is about 9,300*l*., and the expenditure about 16,000*l*., leaving an annual deficit of about 6,700*l*., which has been met from year to year by sales of the capital stock till only 1,325*l*. now remain. Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. William Allam, the Secretary, King's College Hospital, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

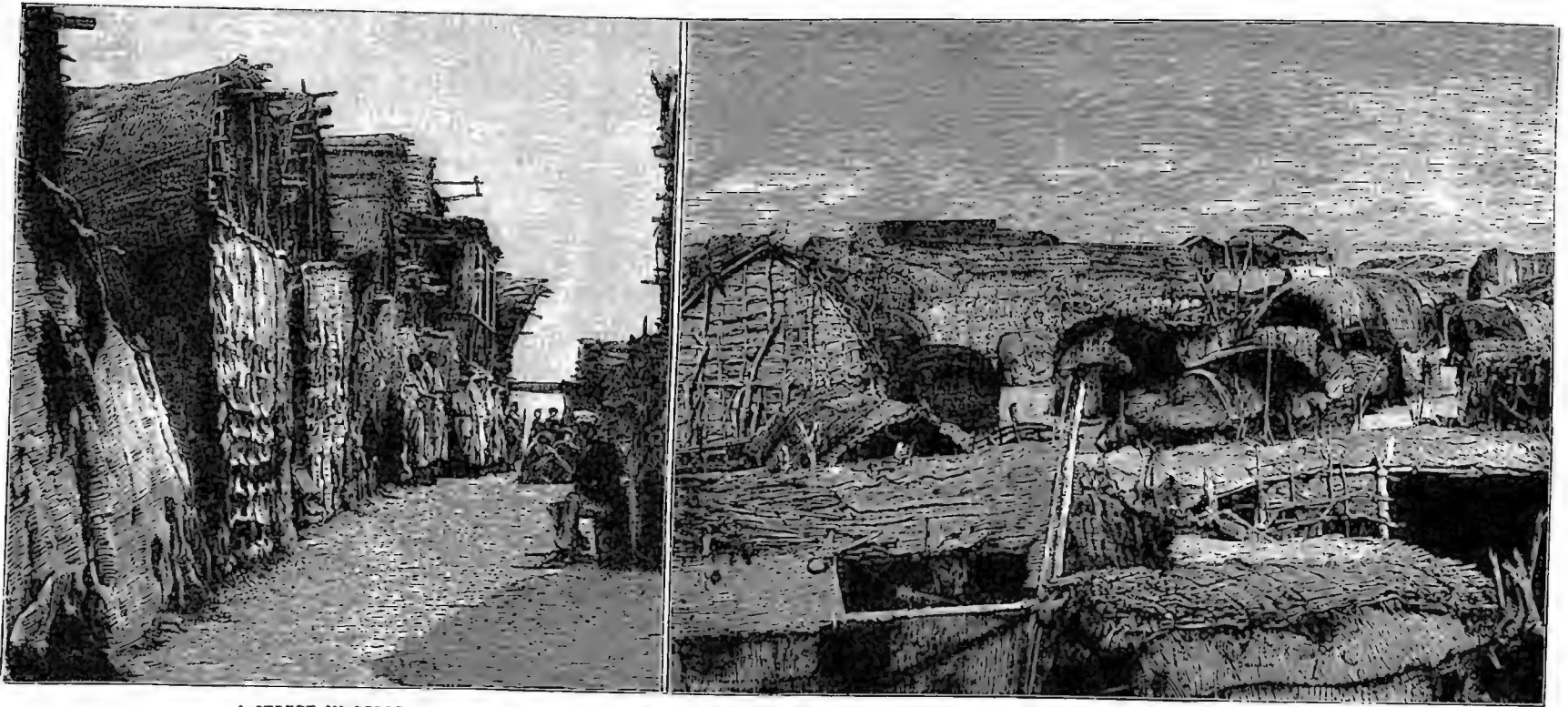
LONDON MORTALITY continues high, and the deaths last week numbered 2,007, against 1,849 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 158, and 270 above the average, while the death-rate was the worst known since March, 1883—i.e., 26.1 per 1,000. This high rate mainly arises from the mortality due to diarrhoea and dysentery, as these fatal cases increased to 533 from 336, and were 242 beyond the usual return, while choleraic diarrhoea and cholera caused 24 deaths—a rise of 8, and 12 above the average. On the other hand, small-pox gradually declines, and though the 23 actual deaths registered were 2 higher than last week, the patients under treatment steadily decrease. There were 69 deaths from whooping-cough (an increase of 12), 55 from measles (a rise of 13), 40 from scarlet fever (an increase of 17) 21 from enteric fever (a fall of 6), 19 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), and 2 from typhus (an increase of 1). Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths, of which 39 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,669 births registered, against 2,409 in the previous week, exceeding the usual return by 33. The mean temperature was 62.8 deg., and 0.6 deg. above the average.

MR. WESTON, the celebrated pedestrian, was entertained at a vegetarian banquet at the Health Exhibition, on the 21st inst., prior to his departure for America. A large and brilliant company assembled, among which were Lord Denman, Sir George Campbell, M.P.; Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.; Dr. Farquharson, M.P.; Rev. Canon Duckworth, and several other eminent gentlemen interested in promoting sobriety in eating and drinking. The dinner was an example of what can be done with good cooking without the aid of fish, flesh, or fowl. The bill of fare was extremely varied, and the non-alcoholic wines, which included several sorts of champagne, highly commended. Mr. Weston, in addressing the company, said that he attributed his great physical strength, as well as his remarkable powers of endurance, to the fact of never taking fermented liquor; but he certainly did not affirm that he was also a total abstainer from animal food. In the course of the evening Dr. Norman Kerr stated that for the sum of sixpence a vegetable dinner of three courses may be had at the Health Exhibition from morning till night, and he thought that such a meal, if widely known of, ought to recommend itself to thousands, on the score of economy at least, if for no better reason.





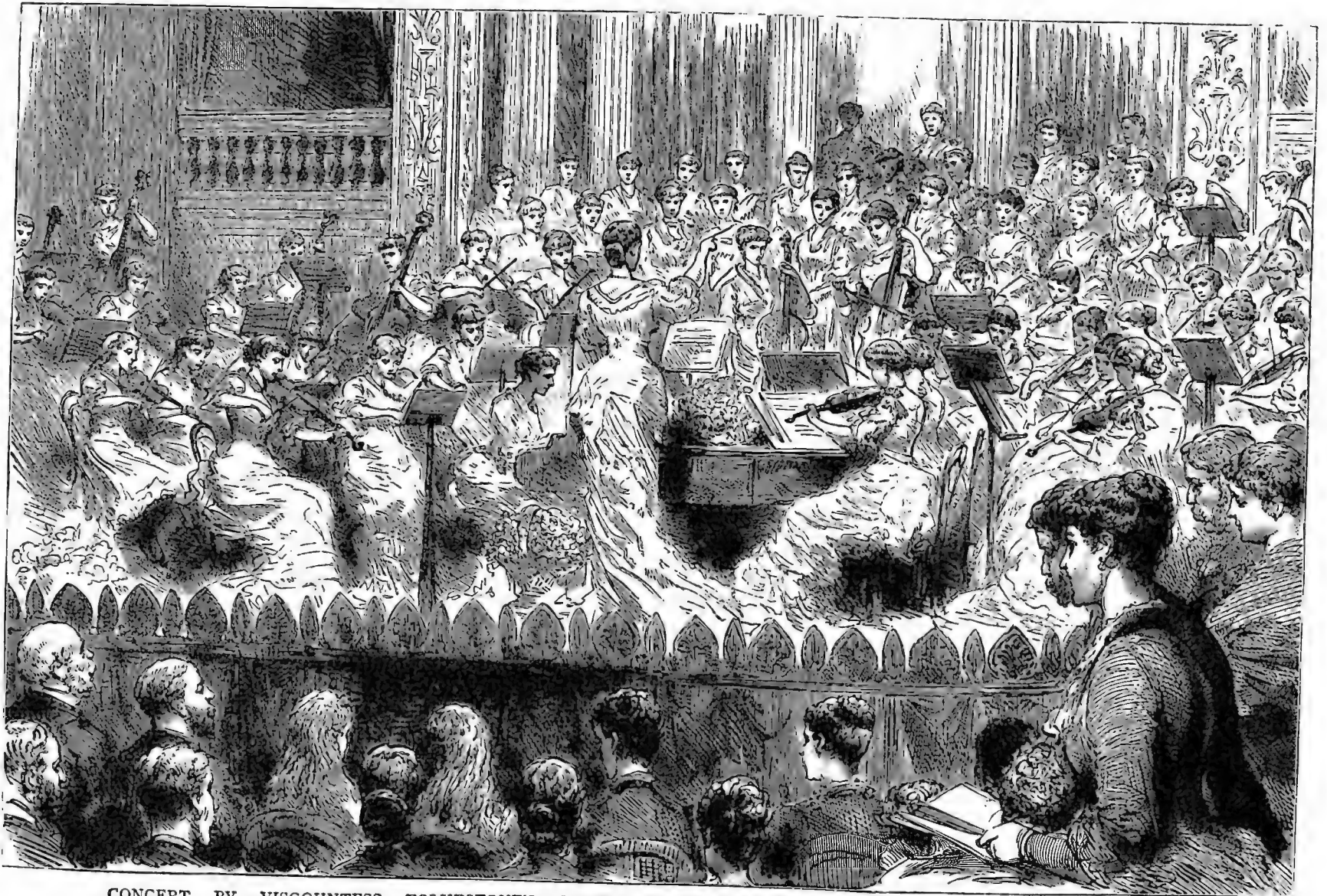
BERBERA, ON THE GULF OF ADEN



A STREET IN BERBERA

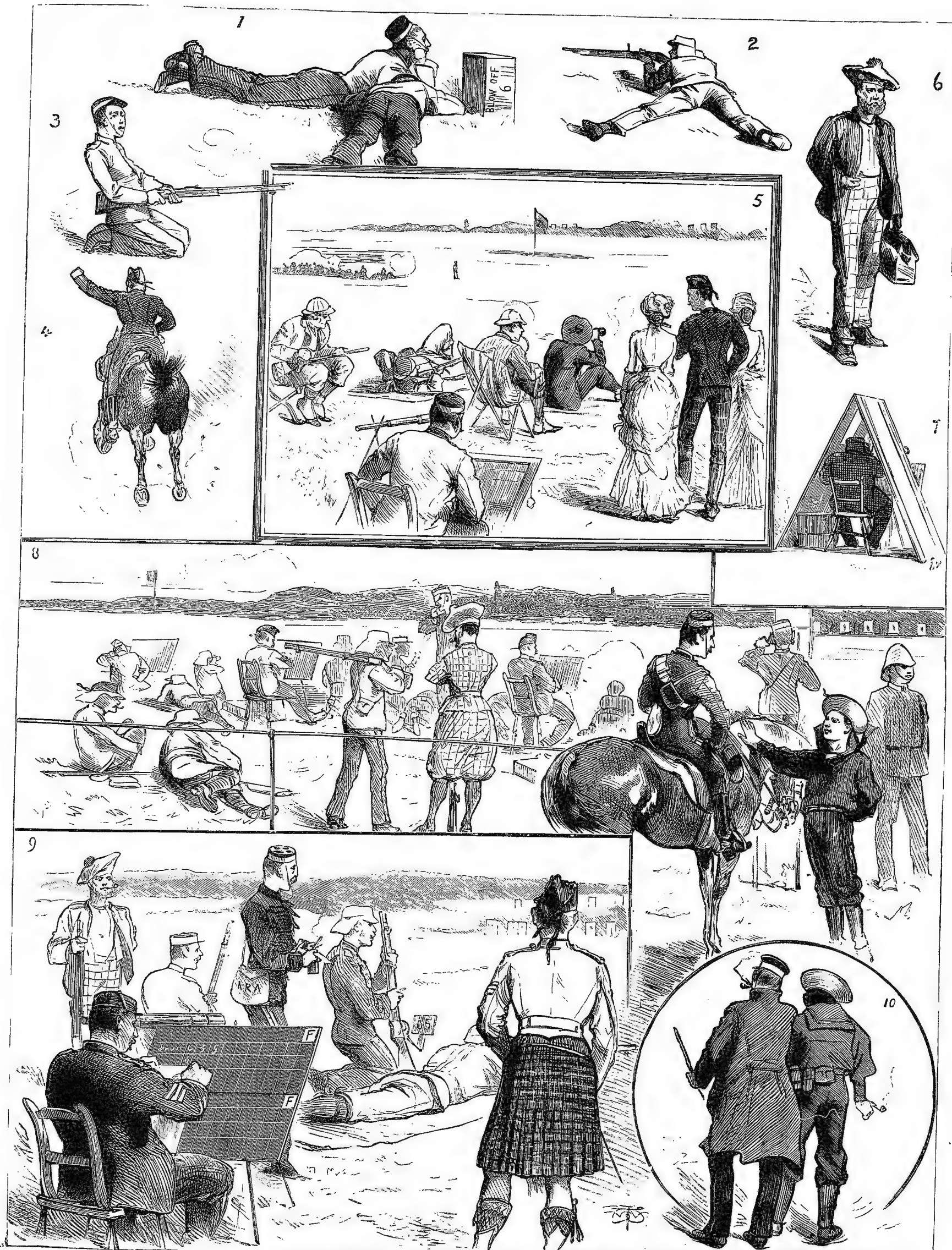
A SOMALI VILLAGE

TERRITORY RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS IN EAST AFRICA



CONCERT BY VISCOUNTESS FOLKESTONE'S LADIES' ORCHESTRA AT THE PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY





1. Sleeping Partners.—2. Military Position.—3. In Flagrante Delicto.—4. "Hi, Sir! What the——."—5. The Humphrey Cup.—6. A Commercial Speculation.—7. A Tight Fit.—8. The First Stage: Queen's.—9. "The Graphic."—10. The Best of Chums.

SKETCHES AT THE VOLUNTEER CAMP, WIMBLEDON





**FAVOURABLE** news of General Gordon comes from EGYPT, but it is doubtful how far the native statements may be trusted. According to a Kordofan merchant just arrived at Assouan, Gordon has effectually defeated the Mahdi's forces round Khartoum, killing their leader. He was even able to leave the town on his way to Berber, but was obliged to turn back at Shendy, as the river was too low for further advance. Since then letters frequently pass between Gordon and the Mahdi, while the latter's influence is declared to be steadily waning. The same merchant also states that he came to Dongola with an officer of Hicks Pasha's army—Lieutenant Bedawi Khalifa—and that many of Hicks's men are safe in the hills. Further, the Roman Catholic Mission are still alive, as well as a European artist—apparently Mr. Vizetelly—who is with the Mahdi. Major Chermiside's spies from Suakim confirm the story of Gordon's victories, and altogether the merchant's account is more credited than the Mudir of Dongola's flowery histories. Now that shifty personage announces the reception of a letter from Gordon, dated Khartoum, June 22, wherein the General mentions that he has 8,000 men with him, and asks for information respecting the numbers and whereabouts of the troops coming to his relief. Considering that such information would be even more useful to the rebel leaders than to Gordon himself, the Government have desired the Mudir to send Gordon's letter before they grant his request. Meanwhile the well-known German traveller, Dr. Schweinfurth, just returned from Africa, publishes most alarmist criticisms on Gordon's desperate position. His views, indeed, mainly differ from general opinion, for he considers the Mahdi's movement a weak rising, which will gradually die out, and believes that the present British forces in Egypt will quite suffice to keep the peace. At all events, the truth of all these speculations must soon be tested, for as Ramadan ended on Wednesday the rebels will probably act speedily if they move at all. Preparations continue to receive them. General Grenfell has inspected Wady Halfa, which he pronounces safe, more armed boats are being stationed on the Nile, while a further British detachment goes up to Assiout, where the Turkish mutineers are now being tried. Unluckily most of the deserters are safely hidden away in Cairo.

The collapse of the London Conference is freely anticipated on the Continent, and foreign opinion in general views the prospect very indifferently. Apparently the French counter-proposals are favoured at the expense of the English financial scheme, and the Continental Press hints that failure was a foregone conclusion, and rather tends to the advantage of England by leaving her to act in Egypt unfettered. Germany suggests that Prince Bismarck's all-powerful help might smooth away the difficulties, and prevent the Conference from becoming a complete *fiasco*; while Austria recommends a compromise, such as framing a provisional Budget, and adjourning the gathering to a more favourable season.

The cholera epidemic in FRANCE spreads slowly but surely. Whilst maintaining its virulence at Marseilles and Toulon, the disease has decidedly seized upon Arles, where the same scenes of panic and flight are now enacted. Cases occur repeatedly at different points of the Department, and the mistral, which was expected to alleviate the situation, seems rather to have aggravated the outbreak. As yet the highest mortality reached at Toulon and Marseilles was respectively 44 and 65 on the 19th, and on Wednesday the deaths again numbered 44 at Toulon and 60 at Marseilles. The distress in both cities grows worse daily, for at Toulon 80 per cent. of the warehouses have closed, and there are scarcely any bakers to make bread, while at Marseilles the Anarchists complicate matters by their riotous meetings. Several doctors and nurses have died, but at last additional help is being given, and money pours in from all sides. Besides the Ministerial visits, the Duc de Chartres has been to Toulon and Marseilles on behalf of the Comte de Paris, and won universal praise by his disregard of danger, as he inspected all the hospitals and most infected places, and gave considerable sums for the relief of the sufferers. Naturally the Radical organs sneer heartily at the Duc for attempting to make political capital out of national distress, and indeed the Reactionary journals have lauded his courage and generosity somewhat too profusely. The infected district is almost in a state of siege, so strict are the quarantine regulations, but the fumigation of departing and arriving travellers has been given up as useless. Schools are shut in all directions, prisoners charged with light offences are released, and the autumn manoeuvres in the South have been abandoned. Notwithstanding all the strenuous denials of the PARIS officials, there can be little doubt that cholera has appeared in the capital, though as yet it is only sporadic. The health authorities acknowledge that choleraic disorders and infant cholera are unusually prevalent and fatal, but they positively assert that no case of pure cholera has occurred, though some must indeed be speedily expected. Still, nine well-authenticated cases are reported from different parts of Paris, solely, however, among the poor. Arrangements have been made for cholera hospitals, and the doctors busily discuss remedies and precautions in the Academies, and invariably disagree, while M. Paul Bert intended to ask the Chamber on Thursday to enforce the Ministerial powers compelling householders to take certain preventive steps.

The Chinese dispute seems likely to be peaceably settled after all. Further time having been granted to China for deliberation, the Viceroy of Nankin is now to settle matters with M. Patenôtre, and M. Ferry expects complete satisfaction. Indeed, China has already given an earnest of her good intentions by ordering her troops to withdraw immediately from the towns mentioned in the Tientsin Treaty. Still, the French squadron is to be kept at Foochow until the indemnity is paid. Madagascar is not so yielding, and has broken off negotiations. Certainly the French terms are tolerably harsh, as they demand the protectorate of all the north of the island, besides a heavy indemnity, and require the Queen to be styled simply Queen of the Hovas. Thus hostilities are soon expected, but the French column is weak, though reinforcements are on their way. M. Ferry disavows all intention to drive out the Hovas, but wishes them to feel the power of France, and has induced the Chamber, after strong opposition, to vote him the necessary credit of 200,000*l.*—Parliament has now re-established divorce, the Lower House having passed the Bill as amended by the Senate, and Madame Patti is expected to be one of the first to take advantage of the revived law. The grand Revision debate was fixed for Thursday, but it is thought improbable that the Bill will pass this Session, for though the Senate has yielded a few minor points, the two Houses differ too widely for a speedy arrangement. The German flag incident is satisfactorily ended, and the French Government have soothed German susceptibilities by decorating Dr. Koch with the Legion of Honour for his cholera researches.—M. de Lesseps has re-assured the Panama Canal shareholders of the success of the Canal. At the general meeting in Paris he declared that the works were going on well, and that the Canal would be open by 1888.

In RUSSIA a serious plot against the Czar's life is asserted to have been discovered at Warsaw, planned, this time, not by Nihilists

proper, but by Polish Revolutionists. This party springs from a working men's movement, and, though only organised within the last five years, is believed to have infected nearly all the working classes throughout Poland. Circumstantial accounts state that the conspiracy was revealed through the suicide of a Socialist student, who was ordered to poison a Russian official, the father of his betrothed, but preferred to poison himself. His correspondence implicated many fellow-Nihilists, especially a justice of the peace, Bardowski, who, on being arrested, confessed the whole scheme. With his help the police seized quantities of bombs, dynamite, and arms, besides a mass of inflammatory pamphlets and placards. So many arrests have been made that Warsaw is fairly panic-stricken. Nevertheless, the Czar still intends to visit Russian Poland next month, and all roads, bridges, &c., are being rigidly inspected in readiness. Every suspicious character will be previously expelled from Warsaw. According to news from Meshed the Turcomans south-east of Sarakhs have tendered their submission, and the Russians have advanced to Pondjeh, only 110 miles from Herat.

The chief topic in GERMANY is still the coming Imperial meeting. Emperor William goes to Ischl on August 8th for two days, and during his stay will attend two State banquets and a gala theatrical performance. The Austrian Emperor and Empress wished to come to Gastein to avoid fatiguing their guest, but Emperor William declined. Indeed he gives no sign of sparing himself this autumn on the score of age; for, besides witnessing the chief military manoeuvres, he will visit Strassburg on October 19th, to inaugurate the new University buildings. The late naval manoeuvres at Dantzig plainly showed that the Navy is considerably below its proper strength. Accordingly the next Budget will provide for 1,600 additional sailors.

A perfect deluge of rain broke over Upper AUSTRIA on Saturday, when the rivers rose, the small town of Hallstadt was seriously damaged by a waterspout, and the Brenner railway suffered considerably, while an earthquake occurred at Agram. Meanwhile tropical heat prevailed at Vienna, causing several deaths from sunstroke. Jews and Christians have again come to blows in Galicia, for at Drohobycz the Bohemian workmen in the petroleum wells attacked the Jewish proprietors and sacked the synagogue. The Anarchists, Stellmacher and Kammerer, now being tried at Vienna, prove to be the authors of most of the worst murders lately committed in Germany and Austria. They used their booty for Anarchist propaganda.

The agitation in INDIA against the Government migration to the Hills has temporarily subsided; for the Madras complainants have despatched their petitions to the Home Government, and await the result. The petition to the House of Lords bears 26,117 signatures, while 7,299 are attached to that for the House of Commons. Now Bengal has a fresh grievance against the Government—the small number of Judges in the Calcutta High Court, where business is fairly blocked. Often, owing to the accumulation of arrears, suits are delayed for two years. General Lumsden has been appointed head of the Afghan Boundary Commission, much to general surprise; and it is widely considered that many other officers would have been better suited to the post.

In the UNITED STATES Mr. Blaine's explanation of his policy, given in the letter accepting his nomination for the Presidency, has not regained the Republican candidate any material support. The document is regarded as tame and unsatisfactory, and certainly it studiously avoids all aggressive remarks and breathes peace throughout. Of course, Mr. Blaine eulogises Protection, to which he ascribes all American prosperity, but he gives no encouragement to the Irish, who energetically offer him their services. As expected, the Independent Republicans have disclaimed all connection with Mr. Blaine, and at their Conference, held this week in New York, decisively pledged themselves to support Governor Cleveland. For the moment, however, Americans are less concerned with election disputes than with the sad story of the Greeley expedition, which has aroused universal sympathy. Notwithstanding the honour that America has won in attaining the highest northern latitude yet reached, there is a general feeling that such honour is almost too dearly bought by so much suffering and loss of life, and that for the present Americans have had enough of Arctic Expeditions.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the funeral of the Prince of Orange took place in HOLLAND last week with great ceremony, the Prince being buried in the Royal Mausoleum at Delft. He leaves a private fortune of 660,000*l.*, which the King has ceded to the little Princess Wilhelmine. Except the late Queen's jewellery all the valuable art collection and personal property will be sold. The Dutch Legislature meets next week to discuss the Bill nominating Queen Emma Regent.—Now that the Clericals have regained power in BELGIUM the official religious ceremonies are being restored, and serve to aggravate the bitterness between Conservatives and Liberals. Thus, for the first time for four years, a grand *Te Deum* was sung in the Brussels Cathedral to celebrate the opening of the Chambers, but though the Royal Family and the Ministry attended, a large number of the officials invited stayed away. The Government has requested the Vatican to re-establish the former diplomatic relations.—SPAIN is anxious to soothe Italy's ruffled feelings respecting Señor Pidal's late unlucky speech in the Cortes, and the Spanish Premier gave a lame explanation in the House which has only half-satisfied the injured Italians.—CANADA is planning a shorter passage to England, and an exploring party has started for Hudson's Bay to survey a summer route.—After long hesitation CHINA has so far overcome her dislike to modern innovations as to sanction railway construction in the kingdom, and the Empress has requested the chief officials to submit suitable plans.—News from SOUTH AFRICA describes Zululand as miserably disturbed. Although the late military expedition into the Reserve produced some temporary effect, the rebels are now mustered there in force under Dabulamanzi, and it is expected that the Boers and Usutus will shortly fall out again.



THE QUEEN has delayed her departure for the Isle of Wight owing to the *accouchement* of the Duchess of Albany, who gave birth to a son on Saturday night. Her Majesty was with the Duchess at the time, having come from Windsor late in the evening, and remained at Claremont until Monday night. Princess Beatrice then met the Queen at Frogmore on her return to Windsor Castle, whence Her Majesty, with the Princess, went back to Claremont on Tuesday. Although the Duchess and the infant Duke of Albany are doing perfectly well, the Queen will remain a few days longer at Claremont before going to Osborne.—Her Majesty has tried the Chinese cookery from the Health Exhibition, a party of native cooks having been sent to Windsor to prepare several of the national dishes. The Queen has congratulated President Arthur on the rescue of the Greely Expedition.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters spent a day with the Queen at Windsor at the end of last week. On Saturday the Prince visited Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon, where he witnessed Mr. Stuart Cumberland's illustra-

tions of thought-reading. Mr. Cumberland completely succeeded with the Prince as a subject, and at the latter's request to describe an animal he had thought of, speedily sketched the right creature—an elephant—whilst holding the Prince's hand. On Monday the Prince and Princess watched the Reform Demonstration from Lord Carington's house at Whitehall, and in the evening dined with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. Next day the Prince was present at the meeting of the Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and later, with the Princess, went to the House of Lords. The Prince and Princess on Wednesday night attended the London Hospital *fête* at the Health Exhibition, where they inspected all the stalls, and were also present for a short time at Madame Christine Nilsson's concert in the Albert Hall. Yesterday (Friday) they were to give a garden party at Marlborough House. On Monday they leave town for Goodwood, whence they go to Cowes for a few weeks, and subsequently to Scotland, stopping on their way at Newcastle, on August 10th, to stay with Sir W. Armstrong at Crayside, and open a new dock, museum, &c. They will also visit Edinburgh, staying with Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny. Whilst at Cowes the Prince and Princess will be joined by their second son, Prince George, who is now on his voyage home from North America in the *Canada*, after over a year's absence. Prince Albert Victor is staying with the Prince of Leiningen at Schloss Wald-Leiningen, near Eberbach, in the Neckar Valley.

The Duke of Edinburgh has his little son with him at Portland, where the Channel Fleet are stationed, and young Prince Alfred recently distributed the prizes at the naval sports.—Princess Christian on Monday opened the sale of surplus stock belonging to the Royal School of Art Needlework, and next day inaugurated the Home for Training Nurses at the Marylebone Infirmary.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their three daughters, arrived in England on Thursday, having crossed from Flushing in the *Osborne*.



THE CANONRY in RIPON CATHEDRAL, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. M. Birch, has been conferred by the Crown on the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, who during his first Premiership bestowed on him the Rectory of St. George's, Botolph Lane, and whose policy, foreign and domestic, Mr. MacColl has actively supported with his pen. Among other positions Mr. MacColl has occupied that of a curate at St. Barnabas, Pimlico.

AT THE TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE held in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society in the Albert Hall in conjunction with a Temperance *fête* at the Health Exhibition, the Bishop of Gloucester presided, and at an evening mass meeting the Bishop of Liverpool, who in the course of his address said that upon whatever other points the Bishops and clergy might be divided, they were resolved to unite in promoting the grand cause of temperance. He urged his hearers to press upon the attention of Parliament the subject of Sunday closing, which was supported by a great majority of the people of Liverpool, though Liverpool was not famed for temperance. Before the proceedings ended a resolution in favour of early closing was carried.

DISTRIBUTING PRIZES at the Brentwood Industrial School, a reformatory institution in connection with the London School Board, the Bishop of Bedford expressed satisfaction with the fact that this one, unlike some other School Boards, had never consented to repudiate the character of a Christian institution, or refused to give sound religious instruction in its schools.

AT THE MEETING OF THE CENTRAL COUNCIL OF DIOCESAN CONFERENCES, held in London under the presidency of Mr. Cecil Raikes, M.P., one of the resolutions affirmed that it is highly desirable to employ as far as possible the spiritual ministrations of the faithful laity of the Church of England under their episcopal sanction and control.

AT THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST CONFERENCE OF WESLEYAN METHODISTS, which opened at Burslem on Tuesday, and was attended by 500 ministers, the Rev. Dr. Greeves was elected President, receiving 148 votes; the Rev. R. Roberts 130, and the Rev. R. N. Young 93.



LORD WEMYSS's motion rescinding the vote by which the House of Lords refused even to consider the Franchise Bill on the second reading met with the fate anticipated. By a majority of 182 against 132 the Peers decided to go their way under the Leadership of Lord Salisbury. The majority was, however, significantly reduced, and when Lord Redesdale gave notice for Tuesday that he would again call attention to the subject, and show "the only way" in which it might be settled, there may have been some sanguine people who hoped that after all the difficulty might be overcome, and the conflict, which daily grows more momentous in its aspect, avoided. Lord Redesdale, it is true, has never shone as a statesman. As Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords he exercises an authority sometimes comically autocratic. In politics he is known as a Tory of the Tories, and there was at least something curious in the notion of his coming forward to mediate on a question which it is generally admitted can be settled only by concession in one direction.

There was consequently a fair muster of Peers for the time of the year. Lord Salisbury's place on the Front Bench was conspicuously absent, his lordship having gone to Sheffield to address a vast meeting of Conservatives. It soon became clear that Lord Redesdale had been playing something like a practical joke upon his Peers. From the very beginning of the controversy it has been demanded in both Houses of Parliament on behalf of the Conservatives that a Redistribution scheme should be submitted simultaneously with the Franchise Bill. This was the cry in Lord John Manners' amendment, by which the battle opened. It was repeated over and over again through the various stages. It was the ground on which Earl Cairns moved the rejection of the Bill when it reached the Lords; and here was Earl Redesdale, having drawn the Lords together to hear a description of "the only way" in which the difficulty could be met, proposing in a speech of some length that in the Autumn Session the Redistribution scheme should be presented simultaneously with the Franchise Bill! In such case, he went on to say, the Lords and Commons (supposing, of course, the Redistribution scheme pleased them), would pass the Franchise Bill, postponing the Redistribution till next year. If they did not like the Redistribution scheme it would go hard with the Franchise Bill, though this was a point which, to do him justice, Lord Redesdale kept in the background.

Lord Granville, in his bland manner, which means so much, expressed his disappointment at this conclusion of a promising



opening, which the Duke of Argyll, for his part, seized to make a speech, impartially distributing blame and censure between the two Parties of the State, leaving behind an impression that there was a *tiers Parti* who should be nameless, but to whom, if it were possible to leave the whole settlement of the thing, it might with national advantage be unconditionally referred.

The Commons have at last knuckled down to the drudgery of Supply. All the great schemes of the Session have disappeared, and only the ordinary work remains. The House of Commons will scarcely be able to rise at the earliest before the 9th of August. With the prospect of meeting again for what may prove an exciting Session towards the middle of October, any effort to carry forward Bills, even of a non-controversial character, would prolong the Session past human endurance. In making his announcement of the compulsory abandonment of many useful measures, the Premier specially reserved two—the Corrupt Practices at Municipal Elections Bill, and the Medical Acts Amendment Bill. Even this despairing effort to save something from the wreck is doomed to failure. The Medical Acts Bill will certainly not be carried. It affronts the susceptibilities and interests of some branches of the medical profession, and great endeavours have been made to block it—an easy thing at this period of the Session. The Corrupt Practices at Municipal Elections Bill it is still hoped to carry, but so slow has been the progress hitherto with Committee of Supply that it has not been possible to name a day for proceeding with it.

On Friday night, in spite of the recollection of many failures, a House was stubbornly kept, in the hope that even at the last hour the Speaker might be got out of the chair, and some votes obtained in Committee. Friday is ostensibly the only opportunity left for private members to air their grievances. They then have the privilege of barring entrance to Supply by moving amendments, which habitually lead to the waste of the sitting, as far as practical, business is concerned. It is only ostensibly that private Members have had their opportunities cut away, because on the multifarious subjects touched upon in the votes in Committee of Supply, debates can be raised without notice on almost any topic under the sun. This was painfully illustrated on Monday night, when in the course of business there came up the vote for the salary of the Irish Chief Secretary. On this Mr. O'Brien rose, and once more went through the unwholesome particulars of what is known as the Dublin scandal. This was a procedure which for several reasons excited an unwelcome feeling of disgust in the House. In the first place there was a monstrous attempt to associate Mr. Trevelyan and Earl Spencer as personal accomplices in the crime, and Mr. Trevelyan was to be punished by the withdrawal of a year's salary. That, however, is a kind of thing to which the House of Commons has grown accustomed. Mr. Trevelyan, one of the most upright and chivalrous gentlemen that ever took part in public affairs, is nightly accused from the Irish camp of complicity in all kinds of outrages upon truth and honour, decency and the law.

What was most acutely felt on Monday night was that at a time when Mr. O'Brien—doubtless actuated by the highest feelings—had hunted down these miserable men, delivering them tied and bound into the hands of the police, who hold them awaiting criminal trial, he should have thus violently gone out of his way to trample on them, outraging one of the commonest axioms of English life, which withholds comment, especially in criminal cases, upon a charge about to be submitted to a jury. Outside the House of Commons Mr. O'Brien, as he had already discovered to his cost, was amenable to the law for such an outrage. As a member of Parliament, he might within its walls speak with impunity, and on Monday he availed himself to the full of his privilege, though English gentlemen left the place to avoid being even passive participants in the scene.

During the week the House has not risen before two in the morning, on one occasion it being three o'clock, and another a quarter to four. Sir Arthur Otway, the Chairman of Committee, is absent owing to the death of his son, and a relay of Chairmen has been formed which is happily able to cope with this pressure of work. But the progress made has been very slow. One night three votes were obtained; on the next eight. At this rate the sittings would run into September. But when the Irish members have fulfilled their accustomed duty of making a splash at the end of the Session they will go away, and business will begin to move.



THE departure of Mr. Toole upon his customary summer professional tour has been followed by the appearance at his elegant little theatre of an American company, which, in association with Mr. Augustin Daly's theatre in New York, enjoys great celebrity in the United States as exponents of farcical comedy. Their opening piece, which bears the title of *Casting the Boomerang*, is a free version of a German play of which another adaptation was recently produced at a *matinée* in London. It is a boisterous and extravagant production of a sort which seems to be more in favour in America than it has hitherto been, or is likely to be, in this country. Generally the characteristic of these pieces is rather eccentricity and bustling activity than genuine drollery, and this peculiarity is the more apparent from the somewhat riotous style which American performers appear to think appropriate to such productions. A fair judgment of the company, however, can hardly be formed until they have been seen in other pieces. At present it will be sufficient to say that Mr. James Lewis appears to have considerable talent as a low comedian, and that Miss Ada Rehan exhibits, though with little refinement, some of the qualities which serve to make a popular representative of heroines of comedy. Mr. C. Leclercq also created a favourable impression as the swindling professor, whose trade it is to foster the vanity of literary aspirants. On the first night the audience appeared to be largely composed of Americans. At the fall of the curtain Mr. Daly returned thanks for the friendly reception of the play, but the series of representations are understood to be under the direction of Mr. W. Terriss.

A five-act historical play produced at a *matinée* in the dog-days seems to bespeak commiseration both for the author and the spectators. We are bound, however, to say that, even under more favourable conditions, *The Lost Cause*, which was brought out at the GLOBE on Tuesday, could hardly have met with a more flattering reception than was accorded to it by a friendly and apparently well-satisfied audience. These afternoon verdicts, however, are notoriously of little worth. Mr. Malcolm-Boyd (such is the pseudonym which the author adopts) has chosen the times of Grahame of Claverhouse, otherwise Lord Dundee, familiar to all readers of "Old Mortality," but the historical element is rather faintly set forth, and the story and treatment are somewhat conventional. Miss Lingard played the part of the heroine.

A curious and original little piece, entitled *The Charm*, written by Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock, was played for the first time on Tuesday at a *matinée* given at St. GEORGE'S HALL for the benefit of the Great Northern Central Hospital. The little play, which sets forth a story of the French Court in the days of Louis XIV., can hardly be called dramatic; but it is inspired by a delicate fancy, and is sustained by some skilful characterisation and graceful dialogue. The performances, which included Mr. Gilbert's

*Tom Cobb*, were witnessed by Lady Burdett Coutts, and numerous other patrons of the excellent institution for whose benefit they were given.

It is now authoritatively announced that Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has been steadily rising in the estimation of the critical as a serious actor, will present himself to his admirers next season in the character of *Hamlet*.

A new classical play by the late Lord Lytton, which Mr. Wilson Barrett intends to produce next year, is not, it appears, the drama founded on *The Captives* of Plautus, of which we some time since gave a few particulars, but another play found among Lord Lytton's papers, and called *Brutus*. On the occasion of a recent visit to Knebworth, Mr. Barrett was, we believe, present at a reading given by Lord Lytton of both these productions of his father's pen. Mr. Barrett, it seems, preferred *Brutus*.

A new original play of English life, written by Mr. Henry A. Jones, one of the authors of *The Silver King*, is in preparation at the VAUDEVILLE, and will probably be produced next season.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's series of representations at the GAIETY will be brought to a close to-day, when this famous actress will give two performances in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.

Miss Kate Vaughan's intended appearance at a GAIETY *matinée* in a version of *Le Vicomte de Lérotières*, to which we referred last week, was postponed by reason of a domestic affliction.

The American papers state that Miss Mary Anderson intends to revive *Cymbeline*, in which she will play the part of Imogen.

We postpone our description of the open-air performance of scenes from *As You Like It*, at Coombe Wood, as we hope next week to publish an illustration of it.



MADAME NILSSON'S CONCERT.—Madame Christine Nilsson made her first and only appearance this season at a concert given at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. It was at one time feared that the Hospital Fête at the Health Exhibition would have interfered with the prospects of Madame Nilsson's concert. But the Prince of Wales, directly the facts were brought to his notice, at once announced his intention to be present, on his way to the Royal Fête. The Prince's party, indeed, included not only the Prince and Princess of Wales, but the Duke of Edinburgh and other personages, to welcome whose first public appearance at the Albert Hall since the national mourning an unusually large audience assembled. The programme differed little from that of other benefit or miscellaneous concerts. The arrangements were somewhat altered, in order to allow Madame Nilsson to appear four times before the Royal party left for the Health Exhibition. Madame Nilsson sang, *inter alia*, the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria," besides a drawing-room song, the "Miserere" *scena* from *Il Trovatore* (with Mr. Maas), and Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer." The last was, perhaps, the most important item of the programme; and although Madame Nilsson sang her part in the manner to which audiences have long been accustomed, her efforts were marred by an indifferent choir. Mr. Sims Reeves was "indisposed," but Mr. Maas took his place, and Madame Rose Hersee, Mdlle. Marimon, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Signor Parisotti, and others assisted in a mixed programme. The Prince and Princess of Wales remained till nearly half-past ten; but after their departure the hall was rapidly thinned. It may be mentioned that the book of words contained a photograph and autograph of Madame Nilsson.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.—The programmes of the Annual Festival of the Three Choirs, which will be held this year at Worcester, have just been officially issued. The Festival will commence with a full service in the Cathedral on Sunday, September 7. The following day will be devoted to rehearsals, the Festival proper beginning on Tuesday, September 9, with M. Gounod's *Redemption*. In the evening the cantata *Hero and Leander* will be performed. The morning of Wednesday, September 10, will be devoted to Spohr's *Christian's Prayer*, Cherubini's Mass in D minor, and other works, and in the evening *Elijah* will be given. Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* will be performed under the composer's direction on Thursday morning, the rest of the programme comprising selections from *St. Paul*. A miscellaneous concert, in the programme of which are included selections from Gluck's *Orpheus*, will be given in the evening. *Messiah* is announced for the morning of Friday, September 12, a closing service in the Cathedral concluding the Festival. Madame Albani is the chief artist engaged, with Mesdames Hutchinson, Enriquez, and Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Lloyd, Newth, Santley, and Brereton as vocalists, and the Cathedral organist as conductor.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The opera season will close this week. Madame Albani is announced to sing Marguerite in *Faust* for her benefit on Friday. Madame Patti was to have taken her benefit on Wednesday, but as that evening had been fixed for Madame Christine Nilsson's benefit at the Albert Hall, and for the Hospital Fête at the Health Exhibition, the performance was abandoned in favour of a "gala night" next Saturday. The week has been mainly devoted to repetitions, with the single exception of the first appearance at Covent Garden of Madame Hélène Crosmont. That lady, an Englishwoman by birth, was trained at the Royal Academy of Music, and a few years ago she made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre. She has since studied and sung in Italy, where she won a success rarely accorded to a foreign artist. Unfortunately, nervousness during the earlier acts of *Aida* marred the vocalist's efforts last week, but she soon recovered her self-possession, and the great duets in the third act elicited warm applause. Madame Crosmont's dramatic conception of the part was strikingly and most refreshingly original.—M. Reyer's *Sigurd* was performed for the second time on Saturday, in an abbreviated and a more effective form. Portions of the first act, a good deal of the ridiculous business with the Norns and Walkyries in the second act, and two of the three duets in the first tableau of the third act, have now been excised, and the opera was on Saturday concluded nearly an hour earlier than on the first night. If this wholesome revision had been effected before the first representation, *Sigurd* would probably have attracted a larger audience than that which assembled on Saturday. This opinion is justified by the fact that the best music in *Sigurd* is to be found in the wedding festivities towards the end of the third act, and in the last act, in which the beautiful duet between Brunehild and Sigurd was admirably sung by Madame Albani and M. Jourdain. In the last scene of all an amusing error occurred. The apotheosis was disclosed by mistake, and the spirits of "Sigurd and Brunehild upon a rainbow soaring slowly up towards the Paradise of Odin," were seen, hung in mid-air, nearly five minutes before hero and heroine had come forward to sing their farewell of earth.

MUSICAL TRAINING FOR THE BLIND.—The annual concert was given by the pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. Mr. Alfred Hollins played Schumann's piano concerto, and several other blind students took part, either as vocalists or instrumental executants. Dr. Campbell, the Principal, alluded to the success gained by students, and Mr. Mundella, M.P., in presenting the prizes,

expressed his wonder that while nearly 100,000*l.* a year was spent in London on the relief of the blind, yet that half that sum expended on the education of those bereft of sight would teach the helpless to gain their own livelihood.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The provincial tour of the Carl Rosa Company begins on Saturday, and will be continued till Easter. The chief artists are Madames Marie Roze and Burns, Misses Perry Burton and Baldi, Messrs. M'Guckin, Maas, Crotty, Ludwig, and Snazelle.—The death is announced of Madame Halévy, widow of the composer of *La Juive*. The lady was a financier and a sculptor. Her daughter Gênéviève married the late M. Bizet, composer of *Carmen*.—It is stated that Madame Nilsson has signed the contract for New York this week, Mr. Gye's direction of the Metropolitan Opera House in that city being now certain.—Madame Patti will give a special concert at Swansea on August 14 in aid of the local hospital.—The deaths are announced of M. Coëdès, the opera-bouffe composer, and of M. Alfred Audran, a tenor, and brother of the composer of the *Mascotte*.—At the last meeting of the London United Wagner Society Miss Alma Murray gave recitations.—Bellini's grandson committed suicide on Sunday at a hospital at Nice.—The marriage of the well-known concert singer, Miss Sadie Singleton, to Signor Parisotti, took place at the Church of Our Lady, Grove Road, St. John's Wood, on Wednesday.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY were favoured with such fine weather that the attendance at Shrewsbury was fully up to expectations, and the agricultural visitors must have derived great advantage from inspecting such a magnificent collection of prime stock as were gathered together in the Royal Show Yard. The cart horses were very good, including Shire-breds, Suffolks, and Clydesdales. The improvement of these three great breeds is very marked, and the Shire horse has especially improved since the formation of the Shire Horse Society. The display of Suffolk horses was small, but includes some of the finest living specimens of the breed. The Duke of Hamilton's beautiful mare "Belle of the Ball" attracted much attention, and won great praise. The Shorthorns were fine, though not so grand a show as we have seen on some previous occasions, especially in the bull classes. The cows were very good and equal in merit, and the class of two-year-old heifers was exceedingly strong. The Herefords, on their own ground, were a very large and fine show. Not a single class was weak or unimportant, but the yearling bulls and heifers and the two-year-old heifers may be singled out for especial commendation. The Jerseys were a good, although comparatively small show, and the Devons were likewise a small muster, though this was more than atoned for by the extraordinary merit of almost every animal in the Devon classes. The Welsh cattle were a strong and special feature of the Show, while the Red Polls, the Sussex, and the Long Horns have also to be commended.

THE SHEEP were remarkable for the extraordinarily fine display of the local Shropshires, no fewer than 527 animals appearing in the pens. Where all was good the shearling rams and the shearling ewes may yet be picked out as the classes wherein the highest order of excellence was reached. The Hampshires were a small but very good show, and the Cotswolds were also fine. The Leicesters were remarkable for a very strong class of shearling rams, while in the Lincolnshire exhibits the prize animal at Lynn took also the first prize at Shrewsbury. The Oxfordshire Down classes contained so many sheep of special merit that the judges had great difficulty in coming to their decisions. The mountain sheep were very curious and interesting, including blackfaced horned sheep of apparently two or three separate breeds. As regards places, Exmoor, Wales, Clun Forest, Dorset, and Scotland were all represented.

THE SEASON IN ENGLAND continues favourable in the main, although the heavy showers have laid the wheat in a good many places, while in certain localities thunderstorms have done still more serious damage. But the wheat has usually made good progress, and harvest will begin next week in southern and eastern counties, where early varieties have been sown. Barley and oats have grown and improved immensely since the end of June, while beans and peas are generally good. The hops look much better than they did three weeks back. The growth is very strong, while insect pests have not increased. The hay crop north of the Trent has now been secured, and mostly in excellent condition.

THE SEASON IN SCOTLAND has been since Midsummer wetter than in England, the rainfall on the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 15th, and 16th being especially heavy. The temperature has remained very high for the shade in Scotland, 65 to 73 degrees. This sort of weather has been very beneficial to the great Scotch crop, oats, and to that of second importance, barley, but it has not altogether suited wheat, which will now be rather backward than forward. The development of straw, however, is remarkable. The last three weeks have saved the turnips, which have made rapid progress since the beginning of the rains, and now look like being a really heavy crop. Potatoes promise a fair yield, and, despite the rainfall, no disease has yet appeared. The podding of the peas has been satisfactory, and pulse may be accounted a full average yield. Beans flowered very well, and are a good crop. On the whole, Scotland's agricultural prospect is by no means gloomy, and in some ways it is superior to that of England.

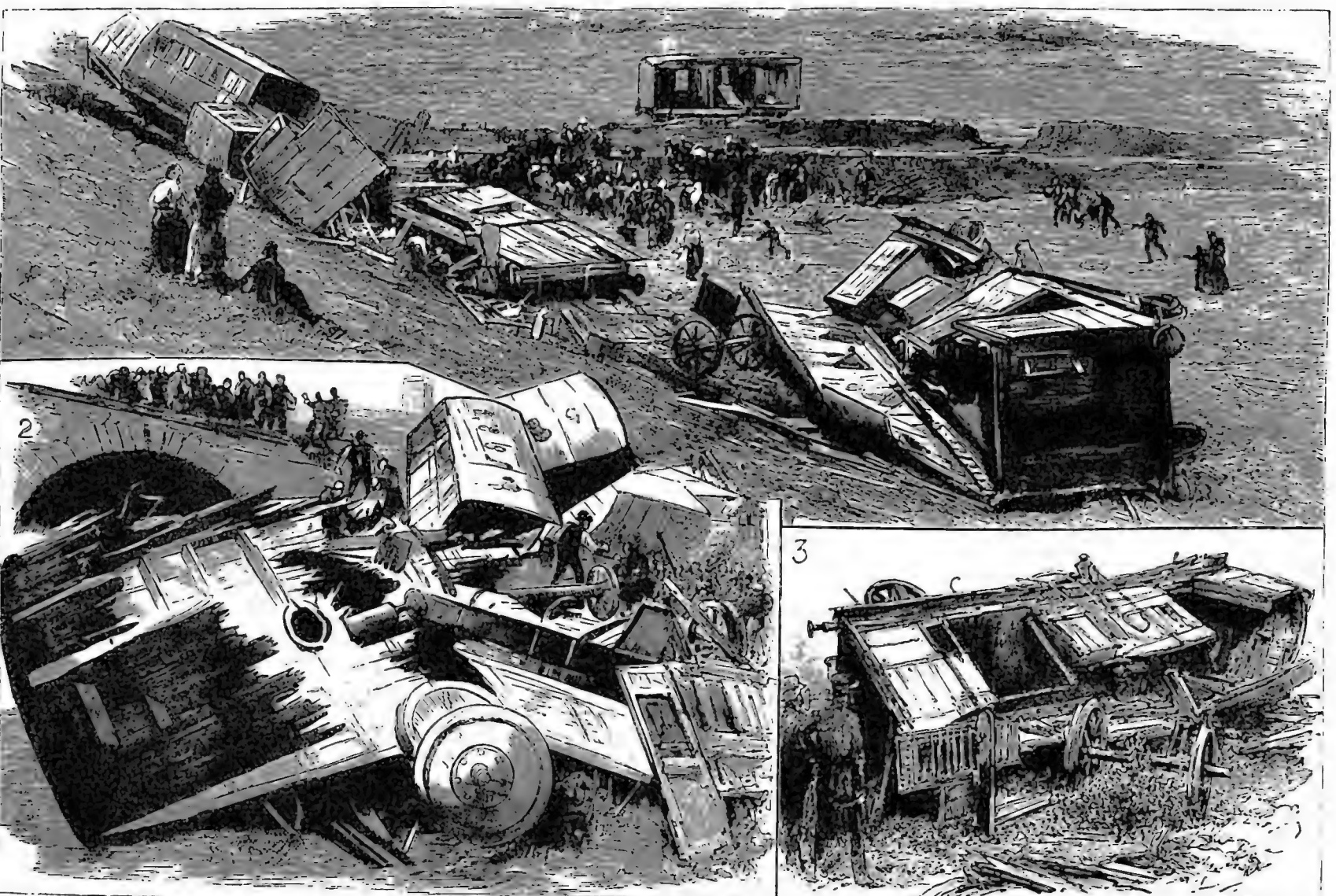
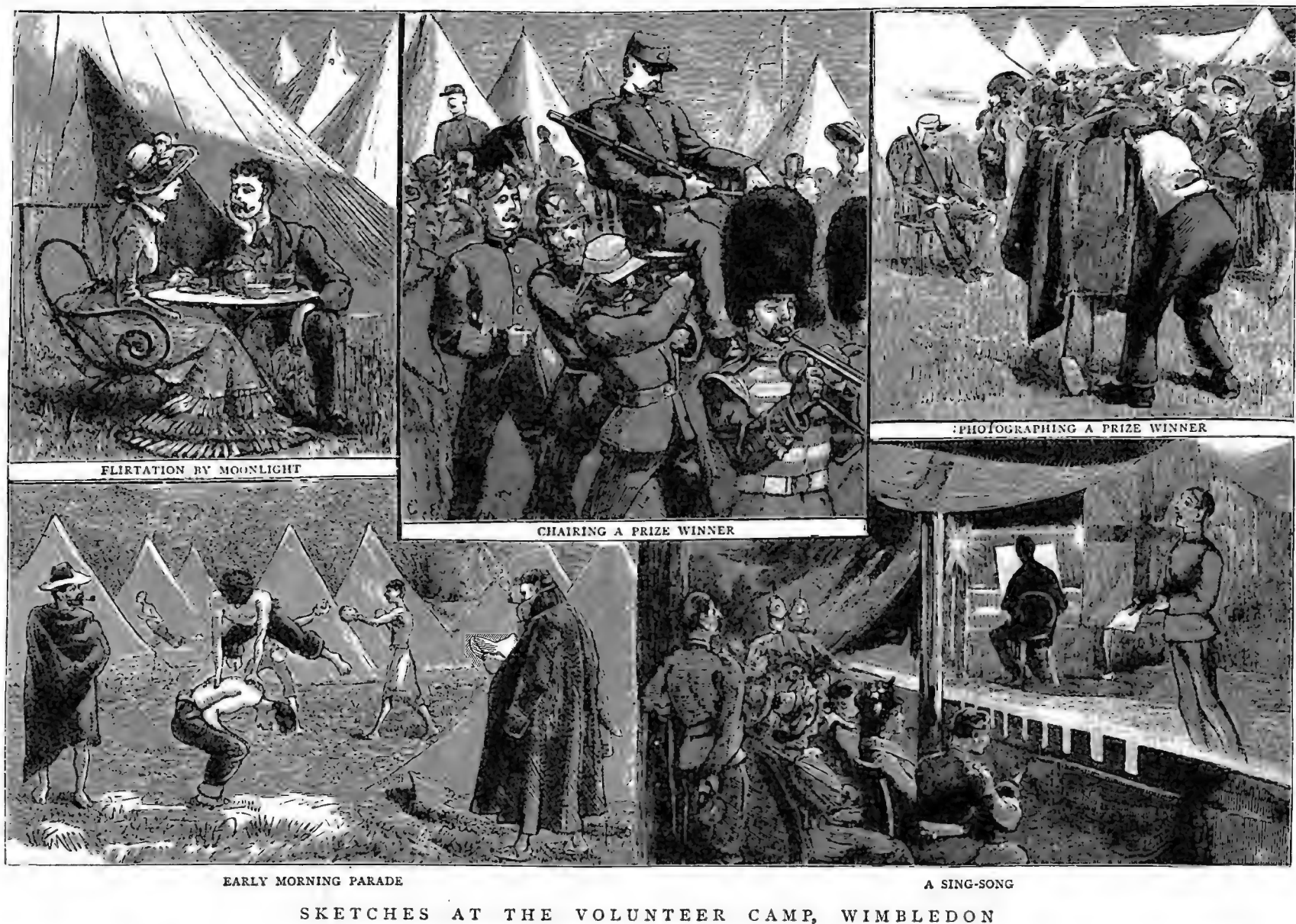
THE ORCHARDS this year are giving, or seem to give, a variable yield. Apples are very good where they flowered late, but where they flowered early they have seldom set well. Hardy stewing pears have done well enough, but all the finer sorts are very disappointing, a magnificent show of bloom having produced almost nothing in the way of fruit. The Morella cherry is a large yield, May Duke and Black Eagle fair, other sorts generally a small crop. Figs, whether on walls or not, are plentiful. The present season seems to have especially suited the fig tree.

THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY send us their report, from which we are glad to learn that this Association for improving the breed of farm horses is doing very well. It now numbers 983 members, or 254 more than at Midsummer, 1883. The expenses of the year have been exceeded by the receipts to the extent of 530*l.* The most important item in receipts, after subscriptions, is 327*l.* net profit on the Society's Show at Islington, where it has been arranged to hold the next Show in February, 1885. The sixth volume of the Stud Book is likely to be issued in the autumn, and all entries must accordingly be sent in before the end of the present month.

THE SHORTHORN SOCIETY held their annual meeting at Shrewsbury last week, where it was announced that the Association now consists of 1,141 members, being 28 more than on the 15th July, 1883. The balance on the current account is 496*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*, while the surplus funds equal 3,160*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* The Society therefore is in a very strong financial position. The number of entries in the Society's Herd Book shows a satisfactory increase, testifying to the ever-growing favour with which the famous shorthorn breed is regarded.

THE ROYAL NORTHERN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their annual Show at Aberdeen. Splendid weather and a great





THE FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BULLHOUSE BRIDGE, PENISTONE, NEAR SHEFFIELD



Blum Pasha (Egyptian Financial Delegate) Right Hon. H. Childers, M.P. (Pleni-potentiary from Great Britain) Sir E. Baring (British Financial Assistant)  
Tigrane Pasha (Egyptian Financial Delegate) M. Deventhal (German Financial Assistant) Mr. Philip Currie, C.B. (Protocollist)



Count Károlyi (Pleni-potentiary from Austria-Hungary) M. Waddington (Pleni-potentiary from France) Count M. de Bismarck (Pleni-potentiary from Germany)

**THE CONFERENCE ON THE AFFAIRS OF EGYPT**  
A PORTRAIT-GROUP OF THE AMBASSADORS AND THE FINANCIAL ASSISTANTS



crowd of visitors made the Show perhaps the most successful which the Society has yet held. It is very lucky that in a year so specially favoured the exhibits themselves should have been very good indeed. The number, 1,283, was larger than usual. The cattle and horses shown were remarkably fine. The Queen sent six cattle, and took the third prize for pairs of breeding cows in the polled department, and the second and third prizes for heifers. The Prize Challenge Cup for the best heifer or ox of any breed was won by Mr. Scott, of Glendronach. Mr. Macwilliam, of Keith, gained the cup for the best two-year-old fat ox, and Mr. Merson, of Huntley, the cup for the best yearling.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Among approaching Shows we note: The Coquetdale Show at Morpeth, on the 14th of August; the Keighley Agricultural Show at Keighley, on the 16th of August; the Barnsley Show at Barnsley, on the 26th of August; the Lytham Show at Blackpool, on the 11th of August; the Banwell Show at Banwell, on the 27th August, and the South Wales Horse Show, on the 16th and 17th September.—The show of pigs at the Royal Society's exhibition was poor and disappointing—a fact the more curious as pig-breeding in England is steadily upon the increase.—A "creamery" party was given on Saturday at the Express Dairy Farm, Finchley, when the many excellent forms in which cream can be served were well illustrated, and received evident appreciation from a large number of guests. Cream is, in fact, so good and so nutritious a food that it is a pity its price should be almost prohibitive as far as the lower, and even the lower-middle, class is concerned.

### SCIENTIFIC NOTES

At the time of its invention, nearly three years ago, we gave a full description of the Lewis incandescent gas light, which was subsequently shown in action at the Crystal Palace Gas Exhibition. This light is now undergoing a practical trial at the Euston terminus of the North-Western Railway Company—and, to all appearance, its introduction is a success. We may remind our readers that the burner consists of a pipe crowned with a cap of platinum gauze. This metallic network is rendered incandescent by the passage through it of common gas mixed with air under pressure. The result is a steady, flameless light, so unaffected by wind or other external influences, that it needs no lantern or other protection; moreover, the combustion is so perfect that no unconsumed particles of carbon or other products escape to vitiate the atmosphere.

With regard to cost, we understand that twenty of the new lamps have taken the place of fifty ordinary gas burners, and that although the light given is doubled, the gas consumed is considerably less than under the old system. The absence of lanterns, requiring constant cleaning, also is a point in favour of the new lamps. The only difficulty in the adaptation of the Lewis incandescent light for domestic use seems to be the necessity for a constant supply of air under pressure. This, of course, means the employment of some kind of a motor to pump the air into suitable receivers. At Euston Station a gas engine does the work. If this difficulty can only be obviated, the Lewis light will have a wide future before it.

A Californian newspaper gives a curious account of the natural presence in a tunnel, in course of construction, of a quantity of nitrous-oxide, or laughing gas, which the faulty system of ventilation adopted failed to dispel. The gas took effect upon certain of the miners, who acted in a violent manner until restored in the open air.

A meeting was recently held at the Mansion House under the auspices of the President and Council of the National Smoke Abatement Institution in order to report progress in the movement, and to consider a Bill shortly to be presented to Parliament dealing with the subject. The report of the Institution shows that much good has accrued from the public interest excited in the subject by the Exhibition at South Kensington, and from the labours of the Society generally. Some of the largest metropolitan bakeries have either modified their furnaces or have adopted gas for their work instead of coal. Gas engines, too, up to twenty horsepower, have in many cases superseded steam, not only with the result of giving no smoke, but also showing economy in working. The use of smokeless coal has also shown a great increase during the past year. The report is satisfactory so far as it goes, but it is only too well known that there are many offenders which the Institution can never hope to convert to their views. For these an Act of Parliament is the only remedy, and until such an Act comes into force we can have little hope of purifying the atmosphere of our cities and towns.

The Marine Biological Association, which, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, was recently founded for establishing laboratories on our coasts for the study of all that pertains to life in the ocean, is now waiting for funds to start its first building. The cost of building and equipment is estimated at 10,000*l.*, of which more than 2,000*l.* has been already subscribed. The movement will, no doubt, receive great impetus from a report by Professor Brooks, of the Marine Biological Laboratory, founded by the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, which has recently been published, for this report gives particulars of tangible results which have been achieved there. It was in this laboratory that five years ago it was discovered that it was possible to fertilise the eggs of the oyster artificially, and to rear young oysters until long after they have acquired their shells. These experiments have been repeated in other widely separated regions of the world, and have met with similar success. The particulars of the manner in which they were conducted are full of interest, and point to the possibility of reviving a source of food supply which is fast disappearing from this kingdom.

The Royal Commission which was appointed to inquire into the subject of accidents in mines are turning their attention to the question of coal-getting without the aid of explosives, and we understand that a series of experiments in a mine placed at their disposal for the purpose will shortly be instituted. We presume that the lime-cartridge introduced some months ago, which at the time was very favourably reported on, will form the subject of further trials. This cartridge is, strange to say, not fired, but watered. The water is conveyed to compressed lime, and the consequent heat and expansion force asunder the rock in which it is placed.

What to eat, drink, and avoid is a question that is continually being thrust upon us by kindly disposed persons, more particularly when any epidemic is hovering about us. Readers of the newspapers have been warned against the dangers of mackerel, of green peas, and fruit of all kinds, while certain enthusiasts discourse of the perils of tea and coffee, and other things that most people regard as being of the most innocent nature. Canned meats have naturally not escaped condemnation, so that those who have been disposed to look at such food with suspicion will be glad to refer to Professor Atfield's remarks upon the subject. This gentleman has carefully analysed the contents of many descriptions of tinned goods, and he says that the public have not the slightest cause for alarm respecting the occurrence of any metallic poison therein. He has certainly detected in some cases the minutest trace of tin, but such a trace could have no effect whatever upon the health. He tells us that a possible harmful quantity of any metallic salt would make the food so very nasty that no sane person would touch it.

M. Pasteur's experiments with the virus of rabies seem to indicate that he has made another wonderful conquest over disease. The subjects of these experiments were fifty-seven dogs. Nineteen of these were rabid, and were allowed to bite their thirty-eight healthy

companions. Of these last one-half had been inoculated with the prepared or attenuated virus, the other half not being so protected. In the result the latter all died with the symptoms of rabies, while the inoculated animals escaped without apparent injury. These survivors are, however, to be carefully watched for the next twelve months, in order to make sure that their immunity from contagion is really permanent.

T. C. H.



MR. JUSTICE WATKIN WILLIAMS, the well-known judge of the Queen's Bench Division, died suddenly last week at Nottingham—after a day spent in trying an important case in the Assize Court—at the age, early for a judge, of fifty-six. The son of a Welsh Rector, he left the University of Oxford for that of London, to qualify himself for the medical profession. Relinquishing this intention, he went to the Bar, and was called in 1854. Beginning as a special pleader, and writing a useful book on pleading and procedure, he gained in time a high reputation as a counsel in commercial cases. He was elected in 1863 for the Denbigh boroughs, which he represented until 1880, when he sat in the new House of Commons for a few months as Member for Carnarvonshire. He was a staunch Liberal, not only voting for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church but advocating Disestablishment in Wales. In 1880, when Mr. Justice Lush, whose daughter he had married, was made a Lord Justice, he succeeded his father-in-law on the Bench. From the suddenness of his death, a coroner's inquest was held. Medical evidence was adduced to prove that he had dangerous aneurism of the aorta, from the rupture of which blood-vessel he died. The jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

MR. JUSTICE WATKIN WILLIAMS has been succeeded as a judge in the Queen's Bench Division by Mr. Alfred Wills, Q.C., of the North-Eastern Circuit. He was called to the Bar in 1851, obtained "silk" in 1872, and since 1880 has been Recorder of Sheffield. Mr. Wills is the author of "Wanderings Among the High Alps," &c., as well as of a legal work of repute on "Circumstantial Evidence."

IN THE CHANCERY DIVISION a decision has been given in an action brought by the Marquis of Bute to determine his claim to have his life-estate relieved from a vast encumbrance and his right to the possession of the Luton collection. His father, the late Marquis, who died when he was a minor, left his estates in strict settlement, subject to a trust which he created for the management of his Glamorganshire property, including the port and harbour of Cardiff. The trustees had almost unlimited powers given them for the development of the Glamorganshire property, and were authorised to raise whatever money was wanted for the purpose. If they had raised by sale or mortgage the sum amounting to a million sterling, which they profitably expended on dock extension and other reproductive works in Cardiff, they would, there is no question, have charged the estate with it. But instead of proceeding thus, they applied to the works the surplus income of the Bute estates during the minority of the present Marquis, who contended that the enormous sum thus expended should be charged on the corpus of the estate, and that instead of the principal being deducted from his inheritance the interest on it should be borne by the successive life tenants of the Bute property. On this important point Vice-Chancellor Bacon gave judgment in favour of Lord Bute. The other question raised as to the ownership of the Luton collection of pictures, books, manuscripts, &c., was also decided in Lord Bute's favour.

THE COURT OF APPEAL have rejected Lord Colin Campbell's application for a new trial in the matter of his wife's petition, granted by the Divorce Court last March, for a judicial separation on the ground of cruelty.



THE TURF.—The July Handicap at Kempton Park on Saturday last evoked considerable interest, and attracted a very fair field of thirteen runners. Boulevard and Whipper In, last year's winner, were the most fancied, and backers were on the mark, as the first-named won, and Whipper In was third. The winner is an Irish-bred colt, and has shown some form this year, having been third for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and first for the Liverpool Spring Cup.—There has been racing this week at Durham and Sandown Park, and Leicester will bring up the rear with the "Cup," a handicap worth 2,000*l.* At Durham Sunlight won a couple of races for Mr. Lawrence, and Newton two for Mr. Jardine, while the veteran Mr. Bowes took the two-year-old Whitworth Stakes with a son of Mr. Winkle and Twine the Plaiden. At Sandown, Breakfast, the fairly-named daughter of Kisber and Fasting Girl, won the Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Race; Laceman, a useful "aged" animal, did the followers of Archer a good turn in landing a 7 to 1 chance in the Surbiton Handicap; and Royal Hampton landed the National Breeders' Stakes, beating the favourite, Luminary, whom many think the best of the two-year-olds yet out. There were also two Arab races decided, the first of which, under the title of the Oriental Stakes, was won by Hadramant, who beat Asid, the recent Newmarket winner; but the latter, with a pull in the weights, had his revenge in the Arabian Stakes, and overthrew his conqueror.—Next week Goodwood the "glorious" will be the venue, and half London will be there, of course. The Stakes have caused a little speculation, and Florence now heads the quotations at 3 to 1.—By the sudden death of Mr. C. Alexander the Turf has lost a staunch adherent. It never fell to his lot to win any of the so-called classic races, but he had two good horses in Thunderbolt and her son, Thunder.

CRICKET.—The counties are well on with their return matches, and Surrey has picked up wonderfully, having defeated Hampshire for the second time by ten wickets, and gained a well-earned victory over Lancashire by 29 runs. In the first named match Mr. Shuter made a grand innings of 125. Sussex, too, is showing up, having beaten Kent in a return match at Tunbridge by 113 runs.—Nottinghamshire has beaten Yorkshire by seven wickets.—Middlesex met with a disastrous one-innings defeat at the hands of the Australians; but the great match of the week has been that between the latter and England. There is cause for rejoicing that this resulted at Lord's in a one-innings defeat of the Colonists, with five runs to spare. The Australians scored 229 and 145, and England 379, to which A. G. Steel contributed 148. Peate, in his first innings, and Ulyett in the second, bowled admirably. For the Australians Giffen made in his first innings 63, and Scott was credited with 75 and 31 (not out). It may be remembered that in 1880 the Australians were beaten by England, but in 1882 proved victorious in the memorable Oval match. The match at Manchester on the 11th inst. was drawn, and there now remains the third of the series to be played at the Oval next month.

ATHLETICS.—The fifth International Amateur Athletic Meeting arranged between the leading English and American Clubs was held at Birmingham, on Saturday last. It was a great disappointment that neither W. G. George nor Cowie put in an appearance; but still the meeting produced a most interesting event in the 1,000 yards race, in which L. E. Myers, the American champion, gave W. Snook, the English ex-champion, 32 yards start. Snook won by a couple of yards; but Myers ran the distance in 2 min. 14 1-5th sec., the fastest time ever recorded in England. In America Myers' best time is 2 min. 13 sec.—The athletic world is rejoiced to hear that the Rev. E. Warre, who has for so many years coached the Eight and furthered all manly pastimes at the old school, has been appointed Head-Master of Eton in succession to Dr. Hornby, no mean athlete with oar and bat in his day.

BICYCLING.—The Fifty Miles Amateur Championship at the Crystal Palace produced no fast time, the winner, F. R. Fry, of the Clifton B.C., taking a fraction over 2 h. 51 min. 16 sec. to do the distance, and no competitor getting a silver medal offered to any who beat 2 h. 50 min.

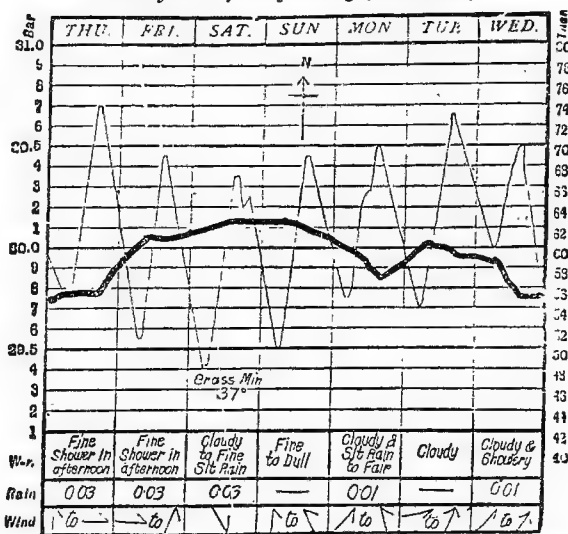
AQUATICS.—Glorious weather favoured the Kingston Regatta, at which the Thames Rowing Club gained fresh laurels by beating the London Rowing Club and the Twickenham Rowing Club for the Grand Challenge Cup for Eights, and also by winning the Junior Eights. Kingston took the Senior and Junior Fours and Senior Pairs.—William Beach, of Sydney, has been matched to scull Hanlan for the Championship of the World, on the Paramatta River, on the 16th of next month.

ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.—In aid of the funds of the Anglers' Benevolent Society, a tournament is to be held on Saturday next, July 26, at the Welsh Harp, at two o'clock. Valuable cups and other prizes are offered for the longest casts with the salmon rod, the trout rod, also in the Thames and Nottingham style, &c. Many well-known anglers will be present.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Championship Meeting at Wimbledon was brought to a close on Saturday last. The Doubles Championship for Gentlemen was, as anticipated, won by the Brothers Renshaw, who in the final beat E. Lewis and E. L. Williams, of West Middlesex. For the Ladies' Championship, the Misses Watson, who as sisters seem to carry all before them, like the Brothers Renshaw, were the last left in, and victory finally rested with Miss Maud.—In the final tie for the Gentlemen's Singles at the Tournament of the London Athletic Club at Fulham, J. H. Crispe beat C. de Fonblanque.

### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 17 TO JULY 23 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been changeable, showery, and cool, very generally. At the commencement of the period a depression was passing away from our extreme northern coasts in an easterly direction, while the barometer was rising over the whole of the country. In the mean time, however, some subsidiary disturbances appeared in different parts of the kingdom, and it is to the influence which they exerted that the cloudy skies and showery weather were due. Light southerly breezes were experienced over the eastern half of the United Kingdom, and fresh or strong westerly winds over the western districts. Between Friday (18th inst.) and Monday (21st inst.) the barometer remained fairly high and, on the whole, steady; and while a light north-westerly current of wind was felt at first, variable airs and calms occurred afterwards, followed by southerly and westerly breezes on Monday (21st inst.). During this interval little or no change took place in the condition of the weather, cloud, with alternations of bright sunshine and showers of rain, again prevailing. At the close of the week a large area of pressure had appeared off our north-west coasts, while a subsidiary depression lay near the mouth of St. George's Channel. The barometer consequently fell generally, the wind freshened considerably at most of the English and Irish stations, and misty rain fell in many places. Temperature has been uniformly low for the time of year, the highest reading (75°) being registered on Friday (18th inst.) at Hurst Castle. The barometer was highest (30.14 inches) on Saturday (19th inst.); lowest (29.75 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); range, 0.39 inches. Temperature was highest (74°) on Thursday (17th inst.); lowest (48°) on Saturday (19th inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.11 inches.

THE ARTISTIC TASTES of the British Royal Family have descended to Prince Henry, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. The Prince has fitted up a studio near Potsdam, where he spends most of his leisure time painting in oils, while he may often be met in the neighbourhood with a small camera, photographing some picturesque spot.

ON MONDAY EVENING there was an interesting meeting of the London Branch of the Theosophical Society at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The occasion was a welcome to Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, who are at present visiting London, and a large and distinguished audience assembled. Speeches explanatory of the aims and doings of the Theosophical Society were delivered by Mr. Finch, the President, Colonel Olcott, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Secretary (who, by his two books, "The Occult World" and "Esoteric Buddhism," has done much to popularise Theosophy in England), and Mr. Mohini, a young Indian, who is a pupil of the Buddhist priests of Tibet. Madame Blavatsky was naturally the centre of attraction during the evening.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT the most successful *fête* of the season was held at the Health Exhibition. It was in aid of the funds of the London Hospitals, and was favoured with the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other Royal personages, who went to the Health Exhibition from Madame Nilsson's concert in the Albert Hall. Nothing could have been more brilliant than the appearance of the gardens and galleries lighted by thousands of electric lights. The water display was very effective, and arrivals continued almost up to midnight. Selling was actively carried on at various stalls by ladies, who kindly gave their services in the cause of charity, and it is believed that a handsome sum has been realised for the Hospitals. Over 10,000 persons were present.



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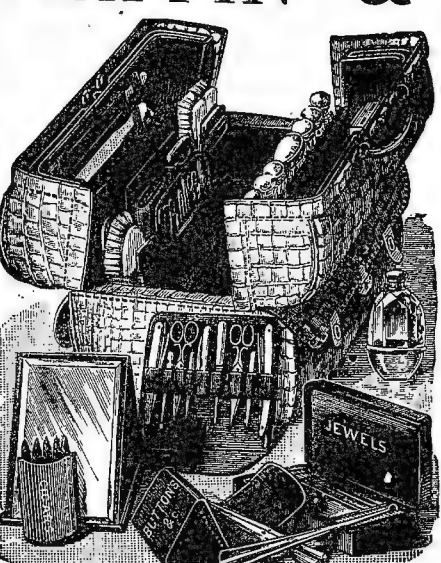
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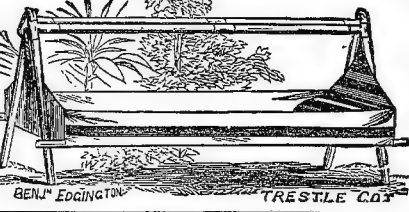
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It is of simple application. This valuable prepa-  
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FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.

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the reader's attention. It may be honestly said to resusci-  
tate and renew the failing system, as it removes Lassitude,  
Headache, Sleeplessness, while soothing the dis-  
turbed temper, strengthening the memory, equalising  
the spirits, and correcting the ravages made by  
viciousness, Excitement, and Depression. All who  
suffer from Exhaustion and Brain-weakness may rely  
on deriving relief from this peculiarly powerful restora-  
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Tin of Worms of large size, and give speedy relief.  
With directions, price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., post free.

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TO DISORDERED CONSTITUTIONS, Old  
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REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD and  
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**DU BARRY'S FOOD.**—The lining  
membrane of the stomach and intestines, the  
nerves, liver, lungs, kidneys, bladder, blood,  
brain, breath, and skin restored to health by  
**DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA**  
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complaints, flatulency, phlegm, distension,  
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paralysis, atrophy, wasting diseases, feverish  
breath, and all children's disorders.

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REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD.—Thirty-  
seven years' invariable success with adults and  
delicate children. 100,000 annual cures of cases  
considered hopeless.

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Physician, the best medical authority in London,  
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Among the vegetable substances Du Barry's  
Food is the best. Naturally rich in the elements  
of blood, brain, nerve, bone, and muscle, it has  
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Surgeon of the Imperial Ottoman Army, writes  
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gold, and, from personal experience, I don't think  
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ARABICA FOOD, for Adults, and rearing  
successfully the most delicate children.

**SAVES FIFTY TIMES ITS COST**  
in other FOOD and MEDICINE, and  
**IS FOUR TIMES MORE**  
NOURISHING and SUSTAINING, even to  
an adult, than the best meat, and

**ADULTS, as well as INFANTS**  
and CHILDREN, LIVE and THRIVE on it  
better, and at less expense, than on ordinary diet;  
even to a hard-working man it is more sustaining  
to muscle and brain than meat.

**RESTORING the MUCOUS**  
MEMBRANES throughout the system, which  
thus is rendered proof against the absorption of  
all poisonous effluvia, the elements of cholera,  
diarrhoea, cholera, bacilli and microbes finding no  
admission to a healthy system.

**GOOD APPETITE, Perfect Digestion,**  
Sound Breath.

**NEW BLOOD, Sound Lungs and**  
Nerves.

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**EXTRACTS from 100,000 cures of**  
cases which had resisted all other treatments,  
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**DYSPEPSIA.—Du Barry's Food**  
and Tonic Biscuits. "Medicine having  
rendered my digestive organs too weak to assimilate  
food of any kind sufficient to keep my system  
in good preservation, **DU BARRY'S REVALENTA**  
**FOOD and BISCUITS**, on which I  
subsisted for months, recovering a healthy action  
of the stomach, and strength and muscle, to the  
astonishment of myself, my medical adviser, and  
friends."—EDWARD WOOD, West Bank,  
Bolton, June 14, 1883.

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COMPLAINTS.—From the Right Honourable  
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and Weakness.—"With gratitude I testify to  
the great efficacy of **DU BARRY'S FOOD** in  
restoring and removing nervousness and weak-  
ness."—(Mrs.) E. GRETTON, Upper Park,  
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**NERVOUSNESS.—DU BARRY'S**  
FOOD. Cure of the Marchioness de Bréhan,  
Versailles, of seven years' liver complaint, sleep-  
lessness, palpitation, and the most intense nervous  
agitation and debility, rendering her unfit for  
reading or social intercourse.

**ASTHMA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD**  
has cured me of 36 years' asthma, which  
obliged me to get up four or five times every  
night to relieve my chest from a pressure which  
restored and suffocation.—Rev. S. BOLLETT,  
Eccarville, Suffolk.

**HEALTH.—"Many years' bad**  
digestion, disease of the heart, kidneys, and  
bladder, with nervous irritation and melancholia,  
have disappeared under the happy influence of  
**DU BARRY'S divine FOOD.**—LEON PEY-  
CIET, Schoolmaster at Eynacques, Haute Vienne,  
France, 8th May, 1876.

**HEALTH.—Cure of Liver Com-  
plaint, Diarrhoea, and Vomiting.**—Mr. and Mrs.  
Leger, both of a fearful liver complaint which  
during sixteen years had rendered their life a  
burden, the one continuing twenty to twenty-five  
times a day, and the other suffering from constant  
diarrhoea. The husband had an ulcer on the  
liver, and the wife an enlargement of that  
organ. In both cases all medical treatment  
had proved unavailing. **DU BARRY'S FOOD**  
has perfectly cured them. These people are now  
living in the enjoyment of perfect health.—128,  
Rue Oberkampf, Paris, 1st June, 1872.

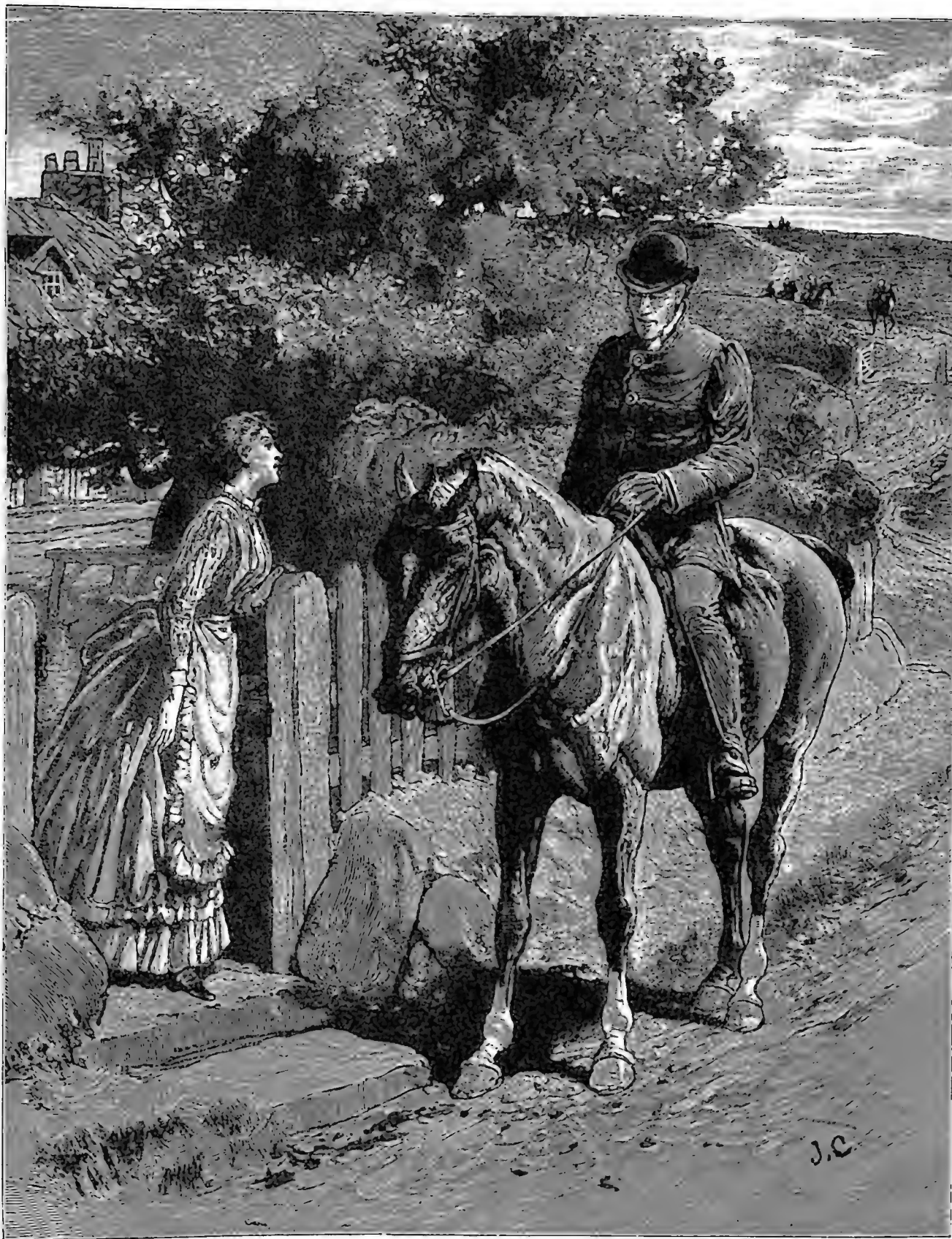
**BABY SAVED.**—"My little girl  
was so seriously ill that doctors did not think  
she could have lived, and I gave up medicine;  
remedy was then suggested, and **DU BARRY'S FOOD**  
has restored her to health."—D. J. HEARN,  
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waking, and he never cries during the day."—  
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32s.; or about 2d. per meal. The tins are sent free  
of carriage to all parts of the kingdom and of  
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all Stores, Grocers, and Chemists, at home and in  
the colonies.





DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

"It's a treat, Dollie, to have you back again."

# FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &C.

## CHAPTER III.

### CRANLEY CHASE

THERE were few more picturesque old mansions in the Valley of the Ouse than Cranley Chase, the seat of the Rockinghams. They had not come in with the Conquest, or acquired their lands in the spoliation of the monasteries under Henry VIII.; their presence in Yorkshire was of later date, and somewhat more prosaic in its cause. The first of the family that had appeared at Cranley was one of Marlborough's favourite lieutenants, who had received his humble share of the honours and wealth that accrued to his great commander. The founder of the Churchills, it is true, was not wont to let money trickle through his fingers for the benefit of his subordinates; but Colonel Rockingham thought he could not better show his admiration for his great chief than by closely imitating him. Like his principal, he was reckless in battle and ruthless in plunder. But his great stroke of good fortune was when, thanks to his handsome person and the influence of his patron, he succeeded in winning the hand of pretty Mistress Hazelby, the great Yorkshire heiress. She brought to Colonel Rockingham Cranley Chase and many fat acres in the Valley of the Ouse, and when, the wars over, the Colonel settled comfortably down as a Yorkshire Squire, he was soon intimate with all the gentlemen of the country side.

The Chase, which stands about five miles from York, a little to the right of the Great North Road, is an old Elizabethan red brick house, a perfect incongruous mass of wings and gables. A fairly big house apparently to start with, to which each succeeding Rockingham felt it incumbent on himself to add a wing. It stood in a fine old park of some two-fifty or three hundred acres, studded with old oak and elm. That the greater part was as draughty and uncomfortable as all such fine old family seats invariably are need scarcely be mentioned; but the modernised wing, chiefly inhabited by the family when they were alone, was exceedingly comfortable. When Alister Rockingham entertained right royally, as he was wont to do for the York Races, the York Balls, and such-like occasions of festivity, then the old house was full from garret to cellar, and the latter, despite the fierce inroads made on it at such times, held bravely out. Cranley claret was proverbial, and Cranley port and Madeira pronounced by no means bad to take. On such occasions the big drawing-room and dining-room were thrown open, and, in taking his party up to the Knavesmire, Alister Rockingham was wont to be as regal as that traditional Nabob, who exclaimed, "Bring more curricles."

Still, before the Phaeton Leger it had been for some little time rumoured that Alister Rockingham was in trouble; but the Squire kept a stiff upper lip, and abated not an iota of his accustomed hospitality, and people doubted whether there was any truth in these

reports. It is possible to go on for some time after you are ruined if you conceal all symptoms of the catastrophe, and for a man who has indubitably possessed property, and who is vaguely rumoured to have lost it, to be pronounced insolvent shows much indiscretion on his part.

Poor Alister Rockingham! there was something more than pecuniary troubles the matter with him. He had "lived his life," as it is called,—ay, every inch of it. Had flung the dice at "The Rooms" in Doncaster as boldly as he had backed favourites on the Town Moor. He had lived a fast pace in London in the season; had buttoned up his kid gloves tightly as he called for a fresh lot of blue counters, and went into the Cocoa Tree on a Saturday night to try that last desperate expedient of a *beau joueur*, the redeeming a bad week at Epsom or Newmarket, by the throwing in half-a-dozen mains running. He might have said with perfect truth:—

I have lived my life—I am nearly done,  
I have played the game all round,  
But I freely admit that the best of my fun  
I owe it to horse and hound.

It was not only, poor fellow, that his fortune was nearly spent, but Alister Rockingham felt that his life also was nearly spent. There are signs at certain periods of a man's existence when he feels intuitively that the clock is running rapidly down. There may be



nothing radically the matter, but he realises the fact that the hour-glass will admit of little more turning; and it was with a heavy heart that he drove home to Cranley Chase at the end of the week destined to be known in Doncaster annals henceforth as Phaeton's Leger. It was a bitter feeling to the man as he swept up through the fine old park, and his eye ranged over the wide undulating grass land and gnarled old oaks, to know that it was all gone, and that when his will came to be read his son would find himself a beggar. But broad acres however numerous, or broad pieces however many, are speedily got through when a man takes to gambling in earnest. Alister Rockingham had no very great right to complain; he had had a very fair innings, had some big strokes of luck certainly in the earlier part of his career; and though things had gone against him latterly, it had taken him twenty years to get through his inheritance. It was done now, and the Squire of Cranley Chase recognised that Phaeton's Leger had finally ruined him.

He had an awkward task before him, and he knew it. Wild he had been, gambler he had been, but no other woman had ever compared in his eyes to his wife Beatrice, and to a great extent she shared his confidence. She knew they were in difficulties; she knew things had been going badly with him of late, but she did not know how desperate his affairs were.

She had done her best to dissuade him from going to Doncaster, knowing how costly such holidays had been of late, and he was painfully aware there would be much anxious questioning as to how he had fared in the fray. As he expected, Mrs. Rockingham met the Squire the minute he entered the hall. She knew the face too well not to understand that he brought no good news home.

"I'm afraid, Alister, that it has been, as it always seems to be of late, an unfortunate time with you. But there is no need to speak about it now. You look fagged, and it will be quite time to tell me all about it, if you choose, after dinner, dear."

She was a gentle-hearted, clever woman, and knew well that the male creature was wont to make confession of his difficulties in his post-prandial moments. Dinner over, the Squire finished a bottle of champagne, began to take a somewhat brighter view of his Doncaster reverses. He even half-persuaded himself that things were by no means so bad as he had at first thought them.

"Yes, Beatrice," he said, "it has been an awkward week. Who could think that old villain William Greyson rejoiced in the possession of two horses, either of them good enough to win the Leger? I knew nothing about Phaeton, and backed Caterham, of course, as all the world did. I went from bad to worse all Thursday, and a plunge to get home on the Cup didn't mend matters."

"It's unlucky, Alister, because I know money is scarce with us just now, and I hear that you have sent for Pearson, which is always an ominous sign. Still," she continued, with a faint smile, "it is no use crying over spilt milk, as I have heard you say so often; but, Alister dear, if you could refrain from racing in future I think you would be a great deal happier, and at all events you would please me so very much."

"Well, Trixie, I think," rejoined Alister Rockingham, with a rather grim smile, "I may safely promise you that for the future you need have little fear of my giving up racing—it has given me up. As Rochefoucauld says, 'When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.'"

At this moment the door opened, and in burst Gerald Rockingham, his bright, dark, handsome face glowing with high spirits. "I don't know whether I have quite described Gerald. He took after his mother, who was one of those *petite* brunettes whom tall fair-haired men of the Saxon stamp so delight in marrying. When Swedenborg wrote volumes to prove his Doctrine of the Affinities he might have condensed the whole thing into the one short sentence—that men and women are very apt to fall in love with their antithesis. Gerald was small and slight in stature, but for all that the boy had inherited all the hereditary pluck of his family, whether on battlefield or at card-table. He understood, to speak metaphorically, 'how to die and make no sign.' He was all wire and whipcord, and would have no more thought of flinching from the biggest fence of the York and Ainstey country than he would from standing up to a man of double his size who had insulted him. There had never been a Rockingham who couldn't both ride and shoot straight, and Gerald certainly promised to prove no exception to the traditions of his race."

"Oh, mother, darling!" exclaimed the boy, as he threw his arms round her neck, "I begin to think there's nothing like racing. I don't know when I have had such a jolly time as I have had this week. I've won twenty-eight pounds, which wasn't so bad, you know, for a young one. It's the most glorious sport in the world—and isn't Bill Greyson clever? Think of his having those two horses in the race, and selling the public all round by winning with the one they didn't believe in!"

A shiver ran over Mrs. Rockingham's face as she thought how her son was already developing a passion for a sport which had so sorely embittered her own life, while I am afraid Alister Rockingham with difficulty gulped down the execration that rose to his lips at this encomium on Bill Greyson's cleverness.

"How was it you didn't come home with me, Gerald?" he inquired. "I looked for you at the station, but saw nothing of you."

"No, father; I left a little before you. I'm not a swell, like you, who waits for the Monday to gather his winnings—I got mine at once, and I wanted to stop in York to buy something for Dollie Greyson. She is such a jolly girl, you know, and as it is her father to whom I'm virtually indebted for the money I thought it was the proper thing to do. She is staying with her uncle in Coney Street."

"Ah! It's not so long ago," said Alister Rockingham, musingly, "since that distinguished patron of the Turf who notoriously never bets wagered the famous sixpence with his trainer's wife against his horse winning the Leger. He paid it set in a magnificent pearl and diamond bracelet, which always remained one of her proudest possessions. I'm curious to know what you gave *your* trainer's daughter?"

"Why I gave her a ring, father, which took about half my money to buy, but then, you know, she's far away the prettiest girl in these parts, and rides as well as I do. Why you've seen her out hunting yourself!"

"Yes," replied his father, "I know Miss Greyson by sight. A pretty little thing, and, as you say, she can ride. But, Gerald, remember I want no nonsense either one way or the other between you and old Bill Greyson's daughter."

"You can trust me, father," replied Gerald proudly. "If you knew Dollie you would know she would not even come here as my wife without your consent and mother's."

As Gerald continued to tell his mother the story of his week's doings, as was his habit, the Squire fell into a sombre reverie. His son's triumph recalled to him those days of his youth when fortune smiled on him whether he gambled for love or for money, and he winces sadly when he thinks what is to be Gerald's fate, whom he feels will have shortly to confront the world, not as he himself began it, but with a mere trifle of money at his back.

At this moment the door opened, and Miss Rockingham (the Squire's only daughter) quietly entered the room. It was somewhat curious, but Ellen Rockingham, who was some two or three years older than her brother, was utterly different to the rest of the family in all her tastes and pursuits. Dark in complexion, like her brother, and considerably taller, she regarded such things as hunting, shooting, and racing with disdain. She had already made up her mind that life was a thing to be treated in earnest, and was that somewhat unpleasant type—a young lady with a mission. She was

convinced that the rich did not half do their duty by their poorer brethren. She meant well, poor young woman, but contrived to make life very bitter to some of the necessitous peasantry round Cranley. It is bad enough to have a difficulty about earning your bread, and comes terribly hard to a good many people in this world, but it is harder still to be told that the absence of the quarter loaf is owing to your own want of energy and thrift. Miss Rockingham was wont to be rather more lavish of rebuke than largesse, and the impecunious cottagers under the Cranley sceptre infinitely preferred the sight of the Squire's wife to that of the Squire's daughter.

"Sorry, Ellen, that you weren't here to welcome me at dinner."

"You know, father, it was school night, and that is a duty I am very loth to neglect."

A parlous evening did some of these young rustics pass at times with Miss Rockingham. She had all the pluck and pride of her race, and was a rigid disciplinarian.

The Squire, to tell the truth, stood just a little in awe of his daughter. He was puzzled at times to understand how any daughter of his could have taken up these peculiar views. He would have about as soon thought of confiding his troubles or confessing his peccadillos to the clergyman of his parish as to Ellen. His son was too young, and if he only half whispered his troubles to his wife, it was simply because he could not bear to pain her.

"I don't want to interfere with your views of right or wrong, Ellen," he rejoined a little sharply; "but I think most girls, when their father had been away from home for ten days, would have been there to welcome him home, and not allowed such rubbish as a 'night-school' to interfere with their doing so."

"I am sorry—very sorry," rejoined the girl, as she came over and kissed him; "I would not have been out of the way for one moment if I had supposed you would have felt in that way about it. I try hard to do what I consider right. I have read and thought a good deal for myself, and I know I don't hold quite the same views as you and dear mother, but you surely know that I am in no way wanting in love for either of you? If I have done wrong, forgive me."

"Pooh! Nonsense, girl!" rejoined the Squire, completely melted, as he kissed his daughter affectionately. "Don't say another word about it, but go and get your dinner at once."

"Thanks, father, but I don't want any. I had some dinner at the Rectory."

"Dinner at the Rectory! Child, absurd! They never dine there—they only eat! Go and do as I tell you."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DOLLIE AT HOME

WHAT they call a "moor" down in the "West Country" means a large expanse of open ground, plentifully sprinkled with gorse and heather; what they call a moor in Scotland means pretty much the same thing, with rather less gorse and a good deal more heather; but in Yorkshire they have moors, and moors—the one corresponding to those of Scotland, the other more closely resembling the Downs of the Southern counties. Riddleton Moor was one of the latter description, and over its springy turf many a famous racehorse had been prepared for his engagement.

Standing on its edge was a many-gabled, comfortable-looking farmhouse, roomy undoubtedly, neither tiled nor slated, but thatched in the old-fashioned way; but all kept as neat and trimly as it could possibly be. Some hardy creepers were trained about the walls, and interlaced themselves over the old-fashioned porch. A square garden laid in front of the place, the conspicuous feature of which was a large and old-fashioned grass plat, with a fine old oak tree in the centre. Wondrous handicap *coups* and manifold racing schemes had been talked over beneath the branches of that old oak. William Greyson was accounted clever of fence in all matters of Turf policy; but he had of late years achieved the distinction of being rather too astute in the management of horses. Like many a better man, he was suffering in a great measure for the sins of others. His principal employers were men whose only canon on the racecourse was "make money," and who would have quite pooh-poohed the old rider of "honestly, if you can." Greyson had, of course, to carry out the instructions of his employers, and their views were merely that their horses should win or lose, simply as best suited their betting-books. It is only in puritanical human nature that the employed refuse to comply with the instructions of their employers. Greyson was no particular saint, he dropped quietly into the groove assigned to him, and thought he might just as well make money as Cuthbert Elliston and Sam Pearson, and the consequence was that the stable's reputation was now of the shadiest.

A little past eight on a bright October morning, and Dollie, looking as fresh as a rose, emerges from the porch, walks to the garden gate, and glances up the road leading to the Moor, to see if there are any signs of her father. She hadn't long to wait before the slight, wiry frame of the trainer, astride of his pet cob, was seen making his way leisurely home.

"It's a treat, Dollie, to have you back again, and find you waiting breakfast for me," said Greyson, as he reined his cob up at the gate for a moment. "Run in, child, and brew the tea; for I'm as hungry as a hunter. I shall be in as soon as ever I've taken Blucher round to the stable."

"All right, father," replied the girl; "breakfast will be all ready for you in ten minutes. I hope the work went on all satisfactorily?"

"Satisfactory!" said Mr. Greyson, rather bitterly; "I think the Dancing Master will about break my heart. Here have I got the best horse in England, and I can't get a boy to sit on him; but I'll tell you all about it when I come in, child."

A real Yorkshire breakfast is a thing to sit down to for those rejoicing in a healthy appetite, and the table at Riddleton Grange was very amply furnished. Dollie presided there in her mother's absence, for Mrs. Greyson was somewhat of an invalid, and rarely, when Dollie was at home to make the tea for her, came down stairs until the last possible moment. A few minutes, and William Greyson enters the room. A keen, shrewd face, clear grey eyes; the look of a man, indeed, that a shrewd judge of physiognomy would hold you are not likely to get the better of; and, unless report belied him, there were not many who had ever had the best of William Greyson. He walked up to the top of the table, kissed his daughter, and smoothed her bright golden tresses; for if there was one thing the trainer prized in this world it was his daughter.

"And so, father, the Dancing Master has been tiresome this morning. Why, that iron-grey colt is the handsomest you've got in training, or have had for a long while. You'll have to let me try my hand at him, after all."

"God forbid, child! He got Joe Butters down this morning; and you know I don't much like putting Joe up, on account of his weight, except in dire extremity; he's rather too heavy."

"Yes," replied Dollie, laughing; "you see he has such an excellent appetite."

"Excellent appetite!" replied her father querulously, as he proceeded to make short work of a dish of fried ham and eggs. "Ain't I always telling them that nothing about a racing-stable has a right to have an appetite but the horses? As for the bipeds, they can't be too strict in their abstinence. Joe Butters is the victim of gluttony. Who can say what position he might have taken in his profession if he could have put any restraint on himself? But, with his passion for corned beef and old ale, no wonder he outgrew his opportunities."

"But father, you know Joe's a real good boy."

"Of course he is," replied the trainer; "but just think how much better he'd have been if he had been a couple of stone lighter." And as he spoke the trainer proceeded to help himself to some game pie.

"And you really believe in the Dancing Master, father?"

"Undoubtedly I do, as much as it is possible to believe in a colt with such a fiendish temper. But you know what they are, Dollie; there's no doing anything with women or horses when they exhibit uncontrollable temper."

"Libel, father—rank libel. When women and horses prove uncontrollable, it is in nineteen cases out of twenty the result of ill-treatment. Take them properly, and you can make them do anything. I'd wager my best frock to a new hat that the Dancing Master and I get on together."

"Nonsense, child," replied Greyson sharply. "I've put you up on some awkward ones before now. And you *can* ride," he continued proudly; "but I'm not going to risk your life on the back of the Dancing Master."

"Never mind, father dear. I'm not preferring any request. We don't show to much advantage when we are kicked off; and, in spite of my braggadocio, I should probably share the fate of the others. —Ah! good morning, mother. We put the tea down by the fire to keep warm for you; and now what shall I get you for breakfast?"

Mrs. Greyson, in sooth, was somewhat of a trial to her husband—it was not altogether her fault; but continuous ill health is wont to sour ordinary tempers, and Mrs. Greyson was apt to be a little waspish in her remarks about things generally. She could not get about to see after things herself as she had done in days of yore, and, had she been allowed her way, would have kept Dollie at home as her vice-agent. But William Greyson was much too proud of his daughter to stand this sort of thing, and insisted that she should go into York and have the best "training" money could buy her. No man who is not a thorough autocrat is of much use at the head of a racing stable, and William Greyson was not only that, but thoroughly master in his own house as well, and his wife was quite aware of the fact, that when he really had made up his mind there was no disputing it.

"The butter's not quite what it ought to be," said Mrs. Greyson querulously. "Now you *are* at home, and not taking lessons on the piano, or flirting about your uncle's shop, you might keep an eye on the dairy."

"I don't think there's much fault to find," replied Dollie cheerfully. "Jeanie knows her work well, and requires little supervision."

"Don't you fret yourself, wife," said William Greyson. "You can't get about now to see after things, of course; but you taught them all their work in the days you could so thoroughly, that the domestic machine runs pretty smooth now."

"Very good of you to say so, William; but I can see plenty of shortcomings, though I *can't* get about to see after them now-adays."

Mrs. Greyson was a little hard on her husband, and even her friends, in this respect. She undoubtedly suffered from ill health, and, after the manner of many invalids, she persistently dangled this fact before their eyes as if it were a virtue.

Under the tree in the front of the house, in the mean time, might have been observed in conversation the offending Jeanie and Joe Butters, the head lad of Greyson's stables, a short, sturdily-built man of seven or eight-and-twenty.

"Jeanie, my dear," he observed, "you look uncommon nice, you do, this morning. You're as plump as a partridge, and that's a real virtue in your sex, while for us men, especially when we have to do with racing, it becomes quite criminal."

"Well, Mr. Butters, you know you're not near as stout as you were. It's very odd that we should take such different views of things. You say that you don't like a girl to be too thin, but mercy on us, I live in perpetual fright of losing my waist. But you look tired. Suppose you come into the dairy, and I'll give you a glass of fresh milk."

"There now, that's just where it is; if there's one thing I should like it would be a draught of fresh milk, and to ascertain exactly how far it is round that waist of yours, but, bless you, milk means blubber, and when you give up your mind to horses you can't afford that sort of thing. Tired indeed! I should rather think I was. That grey brute has put me down once, run away with me twice, and blessed near pulled my arms out this morning. A nice article to keep on the premises, he is. I wish he'd kill somebody at once, and have done with it."

"Oh, lor, Mr. Butters! Don't talk in that way. Why, you know it would be more likely to be you than anybody else. Of course they hand him over to you because, as we all know, you're the best rider in the stables."

"Well, my dear," said Butters, in the most patronising way, "I know I'm not so dusty, and if it wasn't for my disgusting weight I'd pretty soon let 'em see at Newmarket what I can do—but that Dancing Master—oh, Lord! Come in, Jeanie, and get me a mug of ale."

Joe Butters, having given up his weight as a problem utterly beyond his own control, confined himself now simply to severe abstinence from such saccharine matter as he had no particular craving for. Milk in the morning was a thing that Mr. Butters admired from a very abstract point of view; he took much credit to himself for his abstinence in such little things, but before he strolled off to his own quarters I'm afraid there were two or three little matters that he had solved thoroughly to his own mind—namely, that the Riddleton Grange ale had not deteriorated, and that it was quite possible to get his arm comfortably round Jeanie's waist.

"Dollie!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Greyson, "may I ask how you came by such a ring as that?"

"Certainly," replied the girl, as she drew it from her finger and handed it across to her mother. "Mr. Gerald Rockingham gave it me *directly*, and you, father, gave it me *indirectly*. He bought it for me out of the money he won over Phaeton's Leger."

Bill Greyson couldn't refrain from a slight start at his daughter's speech. No one knew better than he what had happened to the Squire of Cranley Chase over that race.

"He was so pleased, father—exulted so much in his winnings that he insisted upon giving it me as a memento of landing his first stake."

"A more costly stake, perhaps, never was won," muttered Greyson to himself. "He's a chip of the old block, Dollie, and has begun early, like his father before him; but I think it would have been better for the Squire if he'd never set foot on a racecourse. There's wildish blood in all these Rockinghams, and that sort as a rule don't make good gamblers."

"You don't mean, father, that Mr. Rockingham lost a great deal of money at Doncaster, do you?"

"Yes, my girl, that's about what it comes to. It was hard, but it's not altogether my fault; as a thorough sportsman and belonging to the county, I tried all I could to make them give him a hint; however, they wouldn't do so, and as it chanced I never had an opportunity myself."

"That, then, I suppose, will come very hard on Gerald?" rejoined Dollie, opening her large grey eyes to their fullest extent.

"Yes; that and a few similar scrapes that the Squire has got into," replied her father, drily.

"I am very, very sorry," replied the girl, gravely. "It almost makes me dislike my ring. I feel quite grieved Gerald should have spent so much of his money on it."

"You needn't distress yourself much on that account," replied



her father. "That amount will make very little difference to what I'm afraid last Doncaster cost the Squire." And with this observation the trainer strolled out of the room.

"What age is young Mr. Rockingham?" inquired Mrs. Greyson. "Just a few months older than myself," said Dollie; "he's going to the University," and then she quietly followed her father's example, and left the room. She had no fancy for talking about Gerald Rockingham to her mother.

(To be continued)



IN "The Order of the Coif" (William Clowes and Son), by Alexander Pulling, Serjeant-at-Law, we have a substantial and worthy contribution, not only to the history of the English Bar, but in some sort to the history of the Constitution itself. For the Brothers of the Coif were a power in the State as far back as the records of our law extend. Once they included the entire English Bar. Under various names, and latterly under that of Serjeants-at-Law, by which title the long-robed brothers are best known to the present generation, they have long had a recognised standing, with settled rules and usages. Serjeant Pulling claims, indeed, for the body of which he is one of the last survivors an antiquity almost equal to that of any other order. When Chaucer wrote of

A serjeant of the law, ware and wise,  
That often hadde been at the parvis,

the Order of the Coif was already an ancient institution. "The real coif was of white lawn or silk, forming a close-fitting head-covering, in shape not unlike a Knight Templar's cap." On the top of this white coif the judges and serjeants were accustomed to wear a small skull-cap of black velvet, and when, at the beginning of last century, the fashion of wearing powdered wigs came in, the perruquiers contrived the round black patch still seen on the top of the wigs of certain judges and serjeants as the outward and visible sign of the old black skull-cap covering the picturesque coif. This shrinking of the actual coif is symbolical of the decay of the Order. Serjeant Pulling is almost pathetic when he comes to write of the "very irregular, if not sinister, contrivances" by which his ancient Order has been undermined, and its prestige lessened. The final blow was given in 1877, when the Judicature Acts declared it unnecessary that judges should be of the degree of the coif. Thereupon the judges and serjeants sold their property in Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, and wound up their corporate affairs. Though their corporate existence continues, it is obvious that, in the absence of any inducement to members of the Bar to become Brothers of the Coif, it must shortly come to an end altogether. And this collapse of so ancient and dignified an institution troubles the mind of Serjeant Pulling, who suggests various devices for its continuance. On these questions we need not enter. It is enough to say that Mr. Pulling's handsome and substantial volume, with its interesting plates, its elaborate notes, its careful study of ancient documents, and its weighty language, is a fitting monument to the ancient institution which it commemorates.

Since the publication of "American Notes" in 1842 the Americans have had no such severe critic as Sir Lepel Griffin, who, in "The Great Republic" (Chapman and Hall), amplifies and emphasises the charges brought against American institutions in his recent articles in the *Fortnightly Review*. Most readers, we fancy, whether of democratic sympathies or not, will be unconvinced and repelled by the earlier pages of Sir Lepel Griffin's book. Chivalrous instincts are inevitably aroused by what appears to be the excessive bitterness of this attack; stabbing here, hacking there, and sometimes positively clubbing into shapelessness some especially obnoxious personage or institution. The denunciations appear too immoderate to be based on anything but prejudice, the epigrams too pointed to be more than half-truths; and it will be strongly borne in upon the mind that the training which makes a man an excellent administrator in India is not the best fitted to enable him to appreciate what is good in democratic institutions. This is the impression gained from the earlier pages of "The Great Republic." But it will be modified by a perusal of the whole; and we think we do not misrepresent Sir Lepel if we compare his treatment of America to that of a surgeon who with kindly knife endeavours to remove some growth which impedes the healthy life of the patient, rather than to the purposeless hackings of one who wishes to inflict wanton torture. Kindliness towards America and hearty wishes for its progress are, we believe, at the bottom of all Sir Lepel's attacks; but though we do not complain that he dissembles his love, it was not necessary to kick the United States so lustily downstair. Nevertheless, the book is extremely valuable. The chapters on "Equality," "The Harvest of Democracy," "The Foreign Element," "Justice," and "The Cost of Democracy" are worthy of careful study, and no one who cares for the future of the United States (and whom does this not concern?) should leave them unread. "America's battle is yet to fight," said Carlyle; and Sir Lepel's book helps to show us round what institutions and along what lines the battle will rage.

Mr. Charles Marvin's "Reconnoitring Central Asia" (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) may be welcomed as a timely and interesting volume. Some will, perhaps, be led by the title to suppose that this is a record of Mr. Marvin's personal experiences, and in the romantic figure on the cover of the book, armed to the teeth and mounted on a galloping horse, people may think they see the portrait of the author himself. It is not so. The volume contains few experiences of Mr. Marvin's, but it is a carefully compiled account of what has been done in clearing up the mysteries of Central Asian geography and politics by various intrepid explorers and soldiers. Vambéry naturally takes the foremost place in a list of Central Asian explorers, and the account of his thrilling adventures (including the "By G—, I swear you are an Englishman," addressed to Vambéry by Yakoub Khan, when Vambéry was disguised as a dervish) is presumably epitomised from the now well-known "Autobiography." Then comes "Captain Marsh's Ride," "Colonel Valentine Baker's Visit to the Perso-Turcoman Frontier," "MacGahan's Chase of Kaufmann's Army," "Captain Napier's Secret Mission," and the exploits of Macgregor, Pashino, Grodekoff, O'Donovan, and Stewart. In these pages there is adventure and romance enough for twenty novels. Mr. Marvin is not a first-rate writer, but his subject is so fascinating that it would enchain the attention even in the hands of a much less skilful literary workman. One of the best stories in the book, and there are many good ones, is that describing how Colonel Stewart, whilst disguised as an Armenian horse-dealer at Mahomedabad, met O'Donovan, and lived beside him three weeks. "One day O'Donovan said to him, 'Really, Khwaja Ibrahim' (the name Stewart had adopted) 'you speak English wonderfully well for an Armenian.' 'Yes,' replied the horse-dealer, keeping his countenance, 'we Armenians of Calcutta receive a very fair education.'" Of MacGahan Mr. Marvin writes with the enthusiasm that remarkable man always inspires. A friend of both Skobelev's and MacGahan's said to Mr. Marvin: "When MacGahan died it was impossible to comfort Skobelev. He wept like a child." A good map and some illustrations add to the value of Mr. Marvin's book.

There are few, we believe, who take up a new book of travels without misgivings. Cheap railway-tickets and circulating libraries have made the trade of the inferior travel-writer fatally easy, and we have come to know him in all his phases of commonplace. It is a relief, therefore, to find a book of travel which, while describing well-trodden ground, is bright and yet not shallow, original without affectation, sufficiently grave yet never heavy, and such is "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), by Mrs. Frances Elliot. No one need fear being bored by the "Idle Woman"; she is indeed pleasant company: observant, good-tempered, well-read, with a feeling for painting and architecture, and a sense of humour which fosters toleration and adds piquancy to a description. Of Madrid, the Escorial, Seville, Toledo, the Alcazar, Granada, &c., we gain clear impressions from Mrs. Elliot's pages, and her picture of the Spaniards—proud, procrastinating, lazy, and fond of pleasure—is no doubt truthful. At Madrid she went to the Cortes, and the pictures of Spanish politicians—"Sagasta, with a dark wrinkled face, a square massive head, with small bright eyes;" Castelar, a "stout, red-faced, burly old man, oval-cheeked, poetic, with classic eyebrows, broad forehead, straight nose, and glossy locks"—are among the most interesting passages of a book which is never dull, and almost always clever.

At the present crisis in the relations between France and China the little book called "Tungking," by William Mesny, Major-General in the Imperial Chinese Army (Sampson Low), is worth study. It gives a concise history of the country up to the present date, and includes an interesting account of the Black Flags, those amiable rebels who have done for the French in Tungking all that the Kroumirs did in Tunis. General Mesny has his information from native works, and from military pupils of his own, who went on an Imperial mission to the headquarters of the Black Flags, where they were for a month the honoured guests of the daring leader, Liu Yung-fu.

As timely as General Mesny's book, and more interesting for most English readers, is "The Life and Speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill" (J. and R. Maxwell), edited by Frank Banfield. It was a happy idea thus to collect the speeches and addresses of the "Bantam of Debate." They range from Lord Randolph's address to the electors of Woodstock in 1874 to his lordship's letter to the *Standard* on June 11. No utterance of any importance seems omitted, and the explanatory sentences before the speeches make the latter perfectly clear. Whether Lord Randolph will be pleased to find his wild and whirling words thus rescued from the oblivion of the newspaper files is a matter of doubt. The little volume is, at any rate, useful for students of contemporary politics.—From the same publishers we receive another instalment of their cheap "Biographies of Celebrities," also edited by Mr. Frank Banfield. The present volume is devoted to naval and military men, monarchs, and eminent women.

Praise is almost superfluous in the case of such a well-known and admirable compilation as Mr. C. S. Loch's "Charities Register and Digest" (second edition: Longmans, Green, and Co.). The introduction is an excellent outline of principles of charitable work; and the register itself is the fullest and best-arranged charities guide extant. Reference is rendered easy by a capital index, with plenty of cross-references.

"The Cycle Directory" (Cassell and Co.), of which the first annual volume is just issued, should be a useful book of reference for the vast and increasing numbers of "cyclists." It gives lists of clubs and hotels all over the country, lists of all known kinds of bicycles and tricycles (though this would be obviously greatly improved if the peculiarities of each machine were stated), and other useful information.

Amongst new editions we may mention the fourth issue of Mr. Edwin W. Streeter's valuable work, "Precious Stones and Gems" (George Bell and Sons). The work has been carefully revised, and an additional chapter has been added on the various scientific means used for the discrimination of the gem-stones. The illustrations are as usual truthful, and are carefully executed.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE OFFICE

EVERY country has its own ideas about marriage, and the laws by which it is regulated are so various and conflicting that it is often a matter of serious difficulty for citizens of one State to get themselves married in another, and to make sure that they have fulfilled all the conditions on which the validity of the union depends. Sad stories are told of English girls mating with French husbands, and discovering, when too late, that while they are wedded wives in England they are in France no more than mistresses. And this, though bad enough, is not the worst. It has happened for a Frenchman to take to wife in her own country a foreign woman, live with her for years, and die in the belief that his estate in France would make an ample provision for his widow and the children of the marriage. And then it has turned out that, according to the strict law of France, the marriage was not absolutely unimpeachable; the omission of some certificate, failure to send the conventional "respectful notice" to a surviving ancestor, or other equally trifling oversight, has tainted it with illegality, the heirs-at-law dispute the validity of the will, claim the estate, and the widow and children are reduced at one stroke from affluence to poverty. Another and less known peculiarity of French law is, that the fact of a man having once been in holy orders renders him for ever incompetent to marry. True, the interdiction does not exist in the Code, it is judge-made, yet it is none the less stringently enforced, and the prejudice, even of unbelieving Frenchmen, against married priests is so strong that no immediate reform of the law in this regard is probable. Nearly all the French priests who have joined the Old Catholic Church in Switzerland are married, and all know that, albeit their marriages are legal in the land of their adoption, they are illegal in the land of their birth.

Though the facilities offered for tying the matrimonial knot in Germany are much greater than in France the Englishman who desires to espouse a German maiden in her own country has often a good deal to put up with; sometimes, indeed, abandons the attempt in despair, and persuades his *Braut* to let herself be converted into a *Frau* in a country where laws are less stringent and officials less exacting. The Swiss marriage law is analogous to that of England, with the exception that marriages of minors, without the consent of parents or guardians, are invalid; and the marriages of Swissers living abroad, when the formalities required by the land of their domicile are observed, hold good in the Confederation. But it is complained in Switzerland that the new Federal marriage law (passed in 1874) is too lax, that as parents are compelled to leave their property equally among their children they ought to have more control over their marriages than in a country like England, where there is full liberty of bequest.

Great as are the difficulties arising out of ordinary international marriages, the anomalies produced by the dissolution of such unions are still more strange and bewildering. Divorce is easy in Germany, still easier in Switzerland, difficult in England, and impossible in France. Hence, a person may be married in one country and single in another; and, as a case lately decided in Geneva shows, it is quite possible for a man to have two lawful wives in two adjacent countries. A man born at Paris of Genevan parents, and, therefore, a Swiss citizen, married in the Department of the Seine a woman of the country. But they did not pull well together, a *separation des biens* was resolved upon, and they lived apart. Now, according to the Swiss law of marriage and

divorce, when a pair have lived voluntarily apart for more than a twelvemonth, either of them, by application in the proper quarter, may obtain an absolute divorce. So the husband went to Geneva, made demand in due form, and the Court, as in duty bound, pronounced the dissolution of the marriage. The wife, on the ground that the French law did not recognise divorce, opposed the application, but as by marrying a Swiss citizen she had acquired his nationality, the Judge rejected her plea and made the divorce definitive.

Against this decision the *divorce* appealed to the French tribunal having jurisdiction in such cases, and by it her marriage was pronounced binding—in France. But this judgment could not prevent the man to whom she had been united in her own country marrying another woman in his, as I believe he actually has done. He would thus have one wife in Switzerland and another in France, and provided the two were agreeable he might, by building a house on the frontier, near Geneva, so arrange matters as to live with both, and enjoy the sweets of bigamy without fear of unpleasant consequences.

Nor are these the only complications that may and do frequently come to pass. Suppose that a German man and an Italian woman marry in France, and afterwards take up their abode in England, who can say what will be their exact position as touching devolution of property, control of children, and the rest? In order to provide a remedy for these and sundry other evils arising from the state of things in question, it has more than once been proposed to adopt an International Marriage Law, whereby all Christian nations should be placed in this respect on the same footing. But a moment's consideration will show the utter hopelessness of any such scheme. Where, for instance, is the Solomon who could devise a law which should equally satisfy Puritanic Scotland, bigoted Spain, and unbelieving France? But another suggestion of better promise has lately been made by a Swiss gentleman, Monsieur A. Garnier. Fully admitting that a common law, however desirable, is altogether impossible, he proposes, as the next best thing, the establishment of an International Marriage Office which, like the World's Post, should be organised by an International treaty, and have its head-quarters at Berne. It would be composed of representatives of the contracting States, and its functions would be the legalising of international marriages and giving advice concerning them. Let us suppose, for example, that a Frenchman is about to contract a marriage with an English lady living in London. The first step would be to inform the office, through the British Consul at Berne, of their intention, whereupon the office would tell them what documents and certificates it was necessary to obtain—in the case of the gentleman, proof that he had served his term in the army, that the publication prescribed by the *Code Civil* had been effected, and the rest; while the lady would have to forward a declaration of her age, and, if she were a minor, that her parents consented to her marriage. These documents would be examined by the office. If anything were lacking it would be exacted, but provided all was found in order, a certificate authorising the marriage would be issued, and assuming that the contract were completed according to the forms of English law—whether in church or chapel, registrar's office, or (in Scotland) a blacksmith's shop—the two would be so effectually united that their union would hold good in every one of the States represented by the office. As, moreover, the office would keep a register of the marriages which it sanctioned, proof of them could always be furnished on application through a consular agent.

M. Garnier's scheme, if it can be properly worked out, can hardly fail to prove a great convenience, and will supply a long-felt want, especially if it were made a condition that divorces granted in one country should be held valid in all. The idea has been well received by Swiss journals, and it is already passing from the stage of discussion to the domain of practical politics. As a first step towards a solution of the question the Swiss National Assembly will shortly invite the Federal Council to submit the matter to the various Governments of Europe, and prepare a plan for carrying their proposals into effect. The promoters of the measure expect to encounter many difficulties and much opposition, but they are sanguine, and probably with good reason, of ultimate success.

W. W.



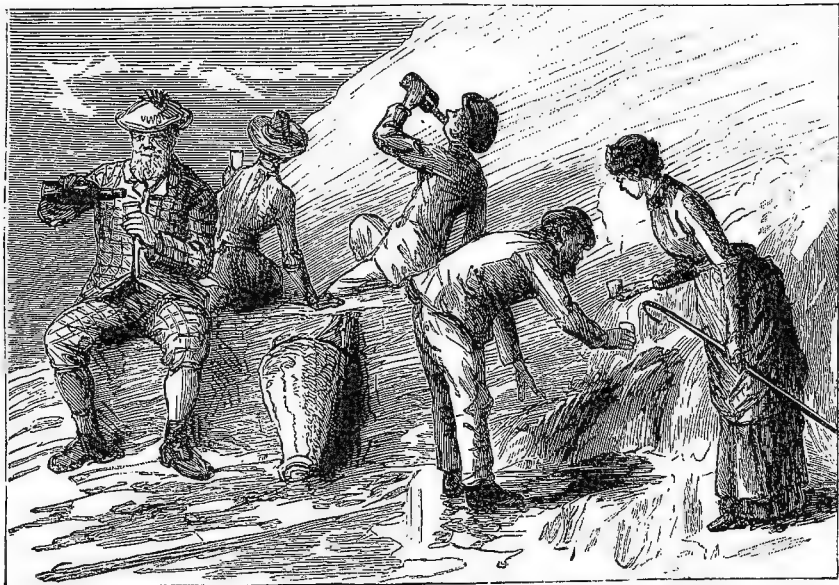
MRS. A. PHILIPS has what we cannot help regarding as a somewhat morbid taste for tragedy; and in "Man Proposes" (3 vols.: W. H. Allen and Co.), though she contrives to avoid the imputation of what used to be called "a bad ending," she appears to grudge her principal characters even the moonlight sort of possible happiness which comes to console them for their follies and sorrows. By calling this taste of hers morbid, we mean that the tragedy seems to be sought for deliberately, and does not follow inevitably from the characters and situations. There was, for instance, absolutely no necessity for killing Hagar's little child, especially under the cruel circumstances described; nor can we quite believe in the readiness with which the father, practically its murderer, was ready to forgive himself after having gone through a decent amount of self-pity. However, our intention is very far from finding serious fault with Mrs. Philips's exceedingly touching and graceful story. The mere fact that we object to Sibyl's death shows that the incident has been rendered impressive, and that it is no ordinary case of the infanticide on the part of minor poets and novelists which has become so common. The general drift of the novel may be told in a very few words. A weak-minded and ill-conditioned brute falls in love with, and marries, an angelically-charming girl, whom, however, he is ashamed to introduce to his aristocratic relations, or even to own, on account of her supposed lowness of birth and breeding. The authoress skillfully shows, not merely how his cowardice brought its own terrible punishment, but how at last the brute gradually developed into a man, through the influence of Hagar, who is a sort of modern Griseldis. The tone of the novel is certainly sad and sombre, but it is relieved by frequent touches of humour in the case of the subordinate characters, and by many happy strokes of social satire. We are not sure whether the author feels a due amount of contempt for her own hero, but we fully share her admiration for her gentle heroine.

"Lucia, Hugh, and Another," by Mrs. J. H. Needell (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is less a novel of incident than a study of certain natures brought into contact or collision by force of exceptional situations, somewhat after the last new school of fiction. Mrs. Needell has chosen rather a dangerous subject, seeing that her heroine is married throughout the principal part of her novel, while her true, heroic, and self-sacrificing lover is not her husband. However, no possible objection can be made on the score of the propriety with which this situation is managed. The girl is something of a fool, but a lover like Everard Deane was the last man in the world to lead her wrong. Nor for once does the loftiness of his nature render Everard Deane less interesting than he is meant to be. He is a rather singular study of one in whom the unexpected restoration to health and strength, after a youth of invalidism, brings about a change of nature which might have ruined him had it not been for the need of self-sacrifice. The husband is a comparative failure. He is altogether too hard and mean even for the very

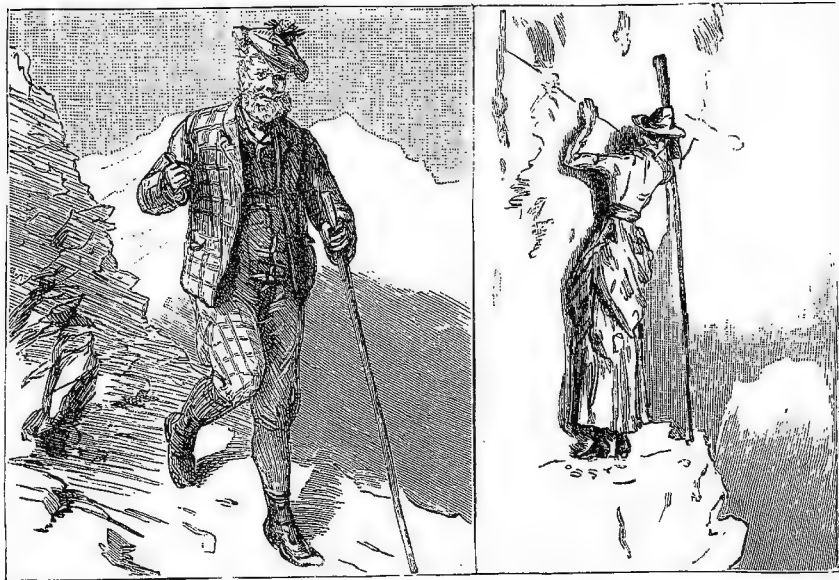




COMMENCING THE ASCENT—"HOW SLOWLY THAT GUIDE GOES"



HERE TEA REFRESHED THEM



ONE OF THE PARTY THOUGHT HE HAD HAD ENOUGH OF IT



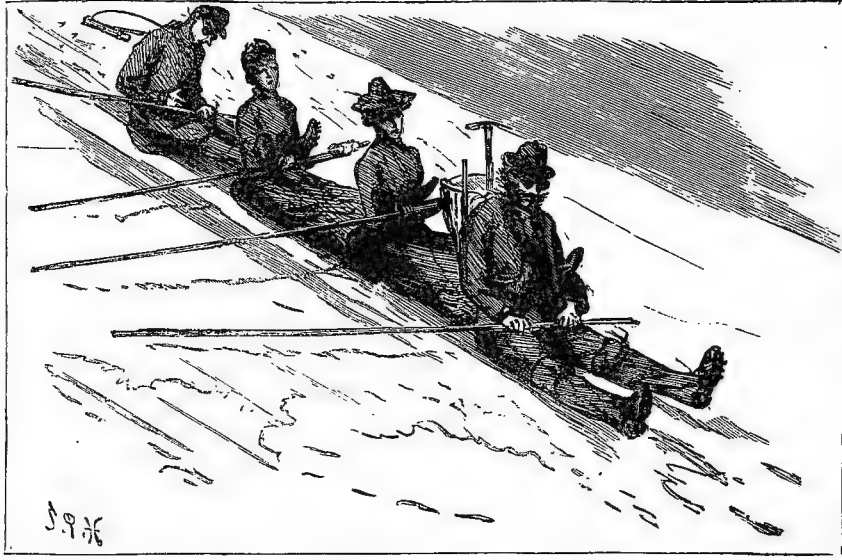
A MAUVAIS PAS



SOMETIMES THEY ENCOUNTERED A CREVASSE

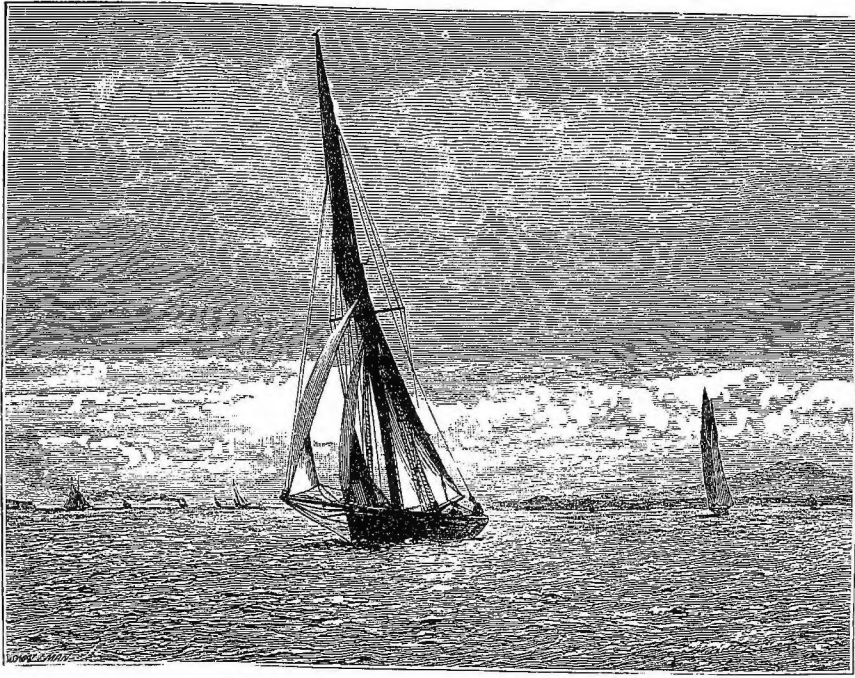


AT THE TOP THE GUIDE HAD MUCH PLEASURE IN POINTING OUT ANY MOUNTAIN ANYBODY CHOSE TO ASK FOR

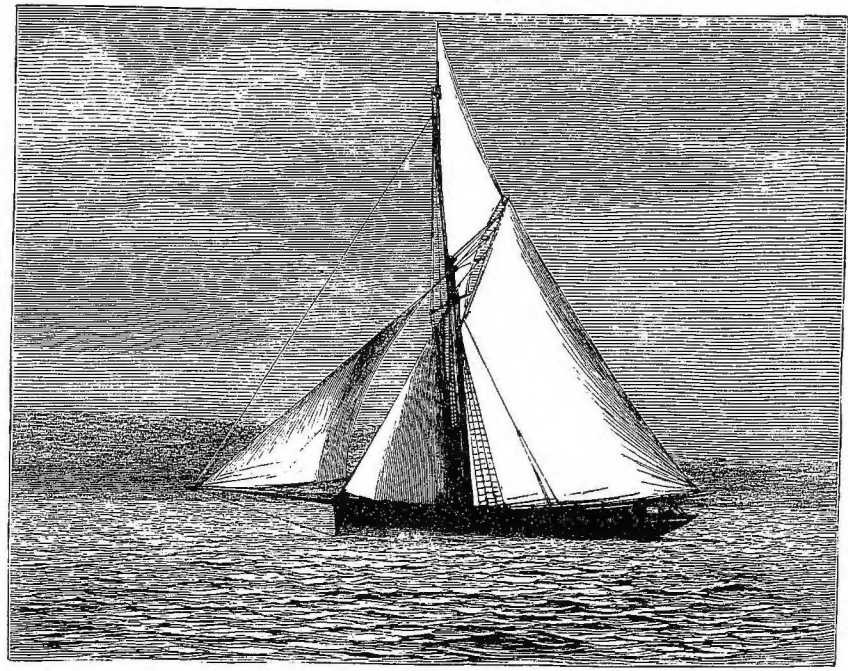


THE GLISSADE

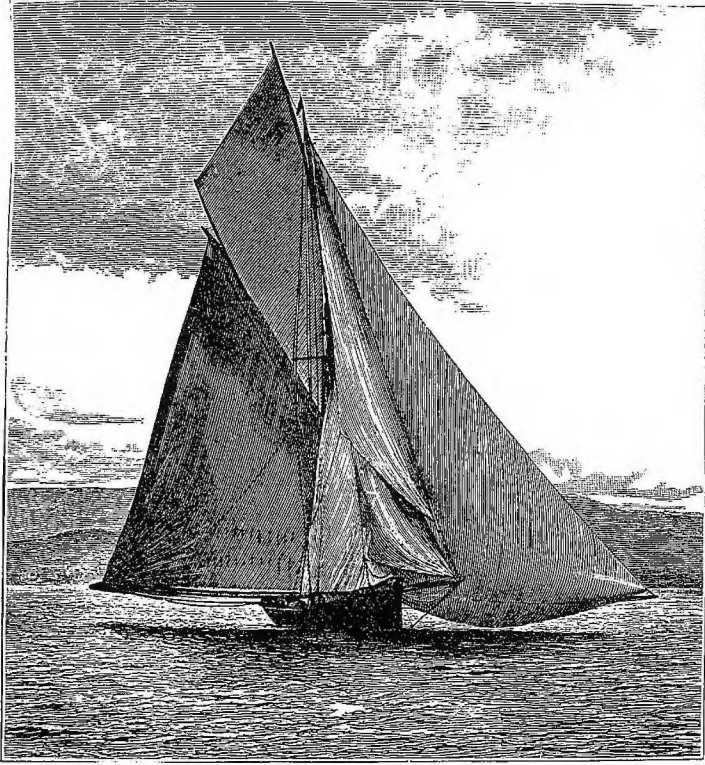




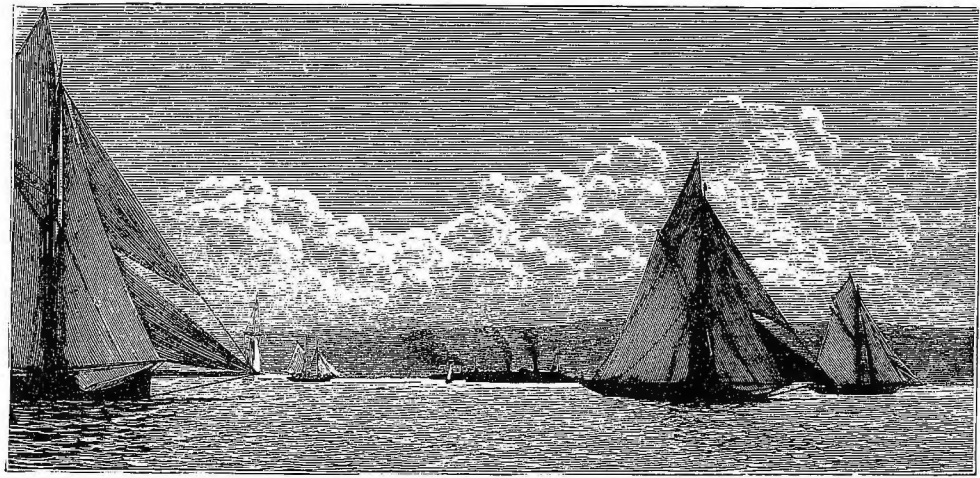
THE "SAMCENA," ISLE OF ARRAN IN THE DISTANCE



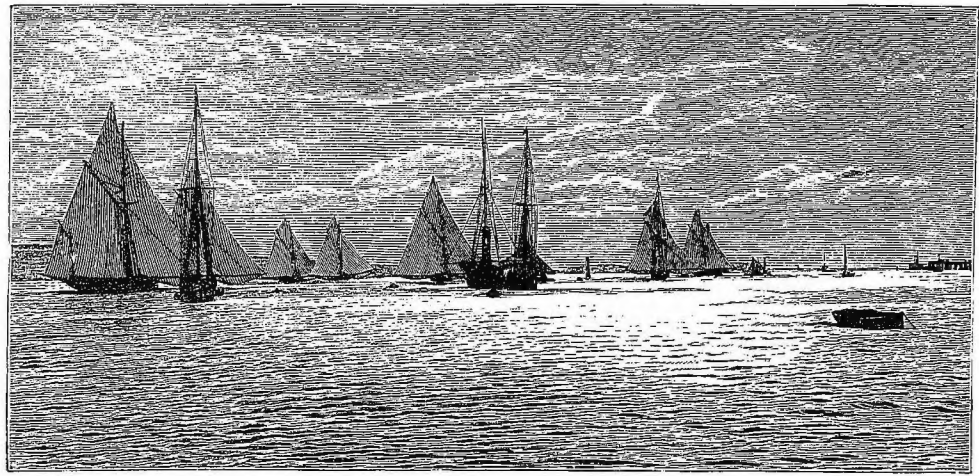
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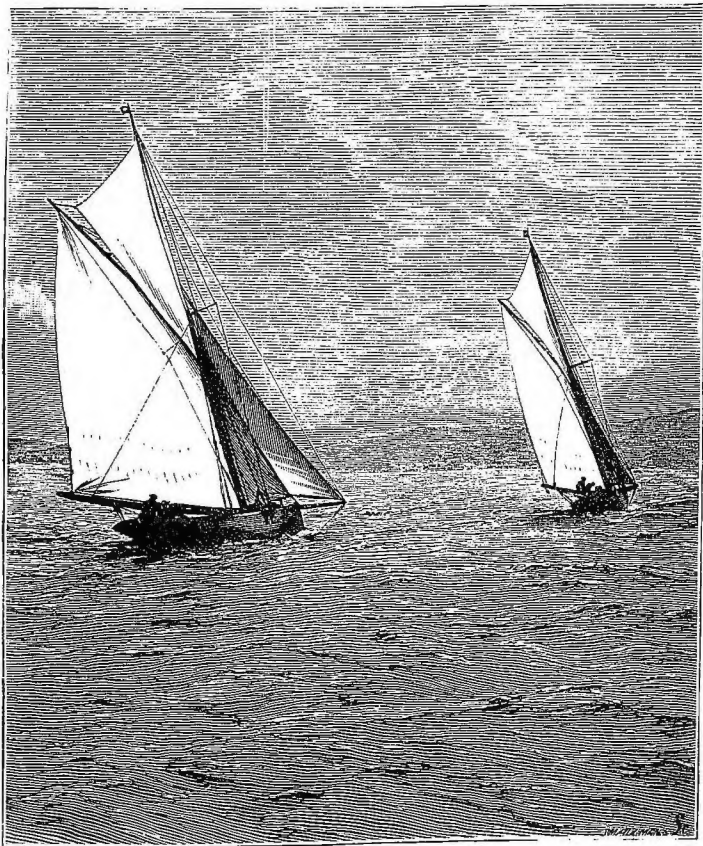
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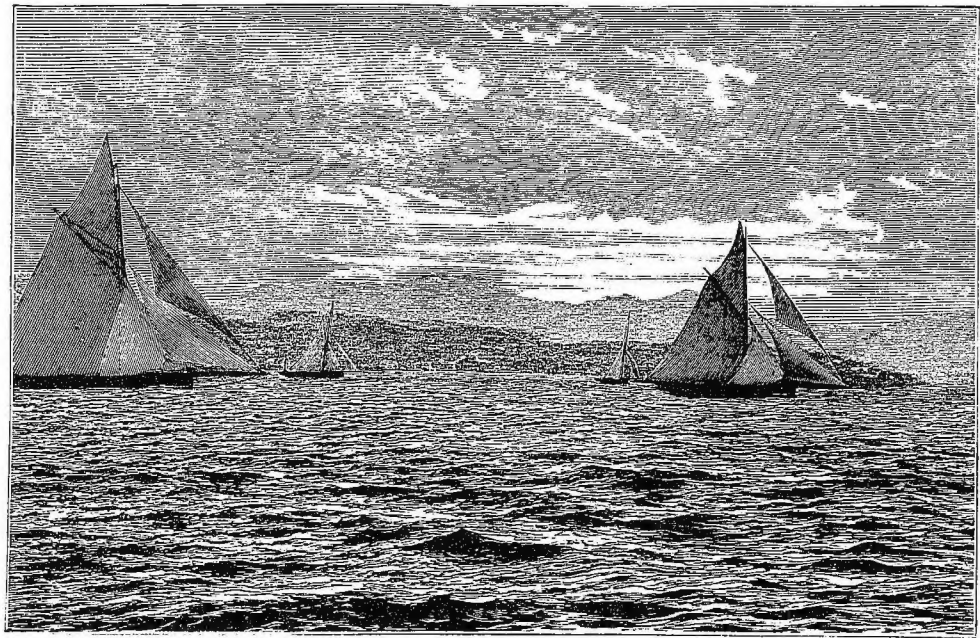
THE START FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP



TWELVE MINUTES AFTER THE START FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP



START OF THE TWENTY TONNERS



THE "TARA" AND THE "VANDUARA"

YACHT-RACING ON THE CLYDE  
FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON BOARD THE YACHT "GRETA"



moderate degree of sympathy asked for him. The novel must be called interesting, in spite of its monotony—the worse faults are scraps of ignorance on legal points, which easily could, and considering their importance should, have been avoided.

"The Red Cardinal," by Frances Elliot (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), reminds readers with long memories of the "Castle of Otranto," barring the attempt of the elder romance to account for the unaccountable in a natural way. Anything more utterly and uncompromisingly wild than "The Red Cardinal" we have never seen. The ghost of the *Donnina*, the victim of the Red Cardinal, is a very thoroughgoing sort of spirit indeed. She sets at nought the comfortable maxim about ghosts that "they could not hurt us if they would, and would not if they could," by committing downright substantial murders. Unless "The Red Cardinal" be only intended to chill the marrow—which it fails to do—its drift is altogether beyond comprehension. The idea of placing the scene in sober and practical Northern Italy of the present day is of itself comical—the Black Forest of the Middle Ages would be far more appropriate ground. Altogether, the ghost story, to be made really effective, must be touched with a far lighter hand than the author of this romance possesses. The best point about her production is that she contrives to keep a certain kind of curiosity alive, but the horrors of the tale are altogether too gross and palpable to suit even this scientific and credulous age.

We have received also the following novels and tales which want of space prevents us reviewing at length:—"Shunted," by "Orez" (1 vol.: H. S. Phillips); "Ben-hur; or, The Days of the Messiah," by Lew. Wallace (1 vol.: Warne and Co.); "A Tangled Skein," by Cecil Craven (1 vol.: London Literary Society); "At Daybreak," by A. Stirling (1 vol., Boston: J. R. Osgood and Co.); "Eustis," by Robert Athorp Boit (1 vol., Boston: J. R. Osgood and Co.); "Sorrowful Yet Lucky," by Adrienne Valvedre (3 vols.: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.); "Mrs. Willoughby's Octave," by Mrs. Emma Marshall (1 vol.: Seeley and Co.); and "Up Hill and Down Dale," by Edith L. Chamberlain (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).

### OTTER HUNTING

EVEN as fox-hunting is the sport of kings, so is otter-hunting the sport of the poorer race of humanity, at least it is financially within the reach of all pockets when the meets are near enough to enable the sportsman to attend them without the expense of a drive or railway journey. The fact of having no horse to keep makes a wonderful difference in the expense, and then in the place of cloth coat, white leather breeches, and top-boots for attire the cheap yet picturesque costume is composed of red serge coat, white serge breeches, and gaiters, or trousers as fancy dictates, and a strong pair of walking boots, with the orthodox pole in lieu of the hunting crop. So much for costume, now let us turn our attention to the hounds, and later on to the mode of hunting them. From ten to twelve couple is the usual number of hounds used, and they are, generally speaking, about twenty-one inches high, marked like a foxhound, but with a rough coat. Such is the otter-hound proper, but some masters, especially in the West and South of England, declare them to be useless, and swear by the pure-bred smooth-coated fox-hound. Such masters have perhaps more difficulty in getting their packs together than have the North Country men, for foxhounds are very difficult to enter to an otter. Out of every twenty couple of hounds entered, only an average of five or six couple turn out to be worth their keep. But beggars must not be choosers, and when you do get a hound to take the trail he is worth his weight in gold.

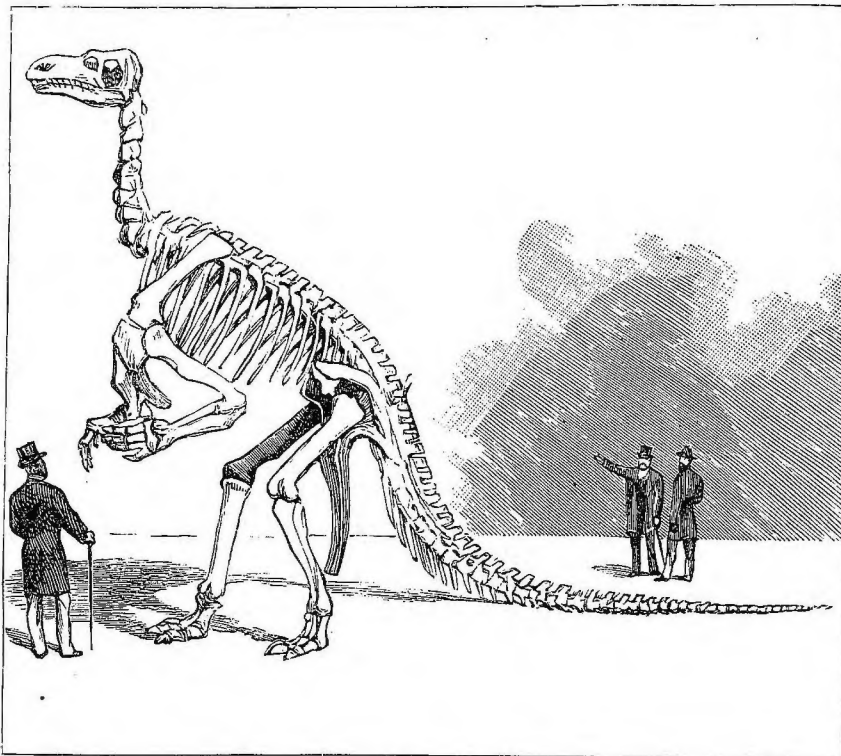
The art of otter-hunting consists, not, as some people may imagine, in killing an otter, but in *finding* him. The killing him is a comparatively easy matter as a rule, but the finding is a science that it takes but little short of a lifetime to learn. Your hounds having once hit upon a trail, the first thing to find out, or to try and find out, is whether your prey be up stream or down. The appearance of the stream, weather, amount of scent, time of day, spur marks, and many other phenomena, may help you to arrive at your decision, but no one who has not made a thorough study of the otter's habits can hope for success, nor can even he be sure. A spur up stream may be as fresh as paint, hounds may tear along the banks with scent breast high, and at the end of six or seven miles you may come upon him as you think in his hide, only to find that you have been duped, that he has doubled back and floated calmly down stream, perhaps, before you were out of your snug bed. As a rule an otter will never move by daylight, all his foraging and roaming taking place 'twixt the hours of gloaming and daybreak, and if you wish to score a kill you cannot be at the water-side too early. The meets of these hounds accordingly range from 6 A.M. to 8 A.M., but during the summer months they not unfrequently take place as early as 4 A.M. Rather early, I admit; but then what a glorious view presents itself to your eye on a fine morning when, having made a good breakfast at, say, 3 A.M. (if you can), you join the hounds at some picturesque mill or bridge at the early hour mentioned; the sun already high above the horizon, the dew still sparkling on the green grass, the linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, and larks singing merrily, while the great trout lazily turns the deep pool into a miniature whirlpool as he gobbles a fly, or rises to see what all the fuss is about. Every one looks hearty and fresh, and like the hounds, only longing for the sport that is to reward them for their scanty breakfast (if such was the case), and whet their appetites for a heartier one later in the day. Then the hounds are sent to water, and all eagerly do they obey the order of "Yoick! wind him, my lads." A trail is struck, a bay, a chorus, and it is time to move if you would live with them; for already they are a couple of meadows ahead, and have now cut off a great bend of the river where the otter has landed during the night, and gone to water again higher up, after perhaps having eaten one of those nice plump eels of which they are such connoisseurs. Now the hounds are puzzled, and there are apparently trails both ways, or perhaps up the main stream, and up a tributary, and then it is that the huntsman's experience is brought into play; maybe they are lucky enough to hit upon the right one, and in another half-hour they come upon a fine dog-otter in a strong piece of water. Great is the excitement then, and had it been a few years ago, all those with poles would have fixed their spears and waited waist deep in the river for their chance of spearing the otter as he came rapidly down stream under water, leaving nothing but the chain of bubbles caused by his respiration to denote his advent. Now, however, humanity forbids the use of steel, and all is left to the hounds, and right capable they are, too, of doing the work independently. Many are the difficulties they have to contend with, and the water, rendered muddy with their own feet, is all in favour of the otter, to say nothing of many "hides" that have their entrance under water, thus forming a very safe refuge, the water effectually cutting off all trace of scent, while even the terriers do not care about diving for the entrance. But supposing these difficulties to be overcome, a truly beautiful sight to lovers of sport meets the eye. A lovely day, with the spring foliage in all its

perfection, the meadows crowded with spectators, while the scarlet coats of the members of the hunt are dotted up and down the stream; and in the centre the all-eager pack. One would think the otter had but little to fear in his hide, with such deep water around him, and with any amount of hollow banks whereunto to partake himself. And see, the water is muddy as can be, and as thick as pea-soup. But hark; he has bolted. "Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" is the cry from some one who has marked the "bubble o' vent." The next moment, and all is bustle and excitement, while the hounds scatter themselves over the whole water and under the banks, but to no avail. Where can he have gone to? He surely cannot have gone down stream, or the scarlet coats who have been watching must have seen him, and even if he had succeeded in dodging them, there is a relay of ardent sportsmen lower down, and they have seen nothing of him. Up the stream, then, he must have gone, and hounds must do their work. But perhaps he has discovered a snug hollow tree in which to repose himself. If so, though no hound can reach him, the terriers used for such work are capable of showing him the unsafety of his position. The first challenge is enough, and the otter determines to try with the stream, and in almost less time than it takes to pen these lines he is a couple of miles down the river, and probably once more comfortably ensconced in hide. Again he is found, and, realising the uselessness of attempting to shirk off, the gallant otter plunges pluckily among the pack, diving under the foremost hound, and sending back Old Trumpeter, who had dived after him, with sanguinary marks on his jowl or feet. Pressing round him, the hounds care nought for sharp teeth (and they *are* sharp, mind you), and the battle rages; the otter's skin, which is of the very toughest, withstands all the force of his enemy's tooth; and his incomparable swimming powers give him a great advantage. The "tailing" is the next, and not the least, difficult part of the performance, and, if not done by very experienced and sinewy arms, nasty bites from the victim are more than probable. At last he is landed, and, amidst angry growls from his foes, he is fastened in a death-grip, while they are fully avenged for their many and severe wounds. If the otter be a big and brave one, he generally succeeds in putting several of his opponents *hors de combat*, and not unfrequently regains the water after being tailed high and dry; but, once the hounds come to close quarters with him, his chances of life are indeed few and slender.

"STRAIGHT PELHAM"

### THE IGUANODON OF BERNISSART

IN a coal mine at Bernissart, a Belgian village near the French frontier, there were recently discovered some beautifully complete remains of an antediluvian animal, named Iguanodon. No specimen



so complete has hitherto been found, and the discovery excites considerable interest, especially among British naturalists, as the first specimen of this creature was discovered by Gideon Mantell in England about eighty years ago. The British Museum possesses an excellent collection of the bones of Mantell's discovery, but no complete specimen.

The skeleton stands in the Grand Court of the Brussels Museum, as it is too large to be exhibited inside the building.

This gigantic monster, concerning which Mr. L. Dolls has written an interesting monograph, has been admirably restored by Mr. L. F. De Pauw. It measures about thirty feet from the muzzle to the tip of the tail; and, standing upright on the hind-legs, like a kangaroo, its height is nearly fifteen feet.

The iguanodon belongs to the lizard tribe, but the head resembles that of the camel or the horse. The neck is moderately long, and must have been very flexible. The trunk, on the contrary, formed a solid mass (all the vertebrae are united by strong ossified ligaments, which are very clearly visible), ending in a *sacrum* of six vertebrae. The tail is more than half as long as the rest of the animal. The fore-limbs are short but powerful. The hind-legs are very strong, and, with the pelvic arch, resembles the corresponding organs of those birds called *cursor*, or runners. The iguanodon was probably amphibious.

Our engraving is from a drawing by M. Albert Cornand, 4, Rue du Grand Hospice, Brussels.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—This firm has recently published a book which will prove of the greatest utility and value to the earnest student of musical theory. "A Treatise on Harmony," illustrated by 553 examples, by Palgrave Simpson, shows that the author is thoroughly acquainted with the subject he has undertaken. We can earnestly recommend it to the heads of colleges and schools.

MESSRS. WHITE BROTHERS.—A pleasing song, words by Claxson Bellamy, music by Karl Muscat, is "The Bird Has Flown," of medium compass; this narrative song may be sung by male or female vocalists.—The above composer has also arranged with taste

and in an easy form for the pianoforte, "He Shall Feed His Flock" and "He Was Despised," from Handel's *Messiah*; "Kyrie Eleison" from Mozart's "Twelfth Service;" all three will prove agreeable additions to the Sunday musical library.—A pretty piece for schoolroom by K. Muscat is "Juvenile," easy gavotte without octaves.—"Beatrice," a *valse de salon*, by F. Croft, is showy and playable for after-dinner purposes.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—Three very useful companions for the library and schoolroom are "Dictionary of Musical Terms," "Harmony Catechism," and "Pianoforte Catechism," by Edwin M. Lott; all three are well and comprehensively treated, and will often be taken down from the shelf for reference, especially the first-named volume, which contains musical terms alphabetically arranged, in English and foreign languages.

MISCELLANEOUS.—As a rule children and young people are tempted to set secular words to hymns without any intention to be irreverent. "Church Songs," by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A., and Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard, M.A., has been compiled to prevent this levity, which sometimes amounts to profanity. Mr. Gould, in his preface, remarks with justice: "The English people, for lack of national 'Volkslieder' such as the Germans possess, have become a hymn-singing people: and the hymn is sung regardless of the character of the words, because the people are cheerful, and want to sing." This volume will surely find favour with people of a serious turn of mind (Messrs. W. Skeffington and Son).—Two very successful songs of a nautical type are "Swiftly Sailing O'er the Sea," written and composed by Robert Munro, and "The Sailor's Joy," words by Lord Lytton, music by J. Horspool (C. B. Tree).—"Peace I Leave With You," a sacred song composed by V. H. Zavertal, is a smoothly-written composition, published in C and in A (Hutchings and Romer).—"The Bride's Dream," words by Adelaide A. Proctor, music by T. H. Morgan, is of a very commonplace type, the poetry is not worthy of its gifted authoress (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—"Lament on the Death of the Late Duke of Albany" is an unpretentious but original piece for the pianoforte by Lillie Albrecht, which will find many admirers (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).

### SELLING A WHALE

ON a beautifully calm morning in May last the salmon fishers at a certain creek on the Caithness coast were looking seawards before setting out with the cobbles to examine their bag-nets. A struggling and "blowing" was plainly seen in the nets off the north side of the creek. All were guessing as to what it could be. "I'll be bound it's a young whale," said one, but here the brute came up to the surface and showed that it was possessed of a pure white skin. "Now," says fisherman number two, "did you ever see a whale white like that?" "Whatever is it?" said the consequential foreman; "let us put to sea, so that we can have our boxes filled and sent off to London. We may, however, examine the nets on the south side first, and by the time we come to that net perhaps the brute may be away." The crew of four, armed with ropes and a "clip" (a short pole with hook attached), slowly rowed to the net furthest away from that in which the "strange brute" was entangled, and very slowly examined net after net, gradually coming nearer the dreaded spot where the struggling and blowing was still going on. On a nearer view they unanimously agreed that it was a whale, but then how was it *white*? "It must have turned white of fright when it got into John's nets, for well it knew that his nets could hold it," suggested the satirist of the crew, alluding to John's constant boast of how well he could make or mend a net. After calculating the number of bottles of oil that might be got from the carcass, they resolved not to let it loose again, and so, after throwing a noose over its head, they proceeded to tow it ashore; but lo! although the four pulled with might and main, the whale, being freed from the entanglement of the nets, was stronger than they. It was now their turn to become white of fright, and they were seriously thinking of cutting the rope, when by good luck it again ran foul of the nets. This time they slipped a noose round the tail, and got another round the fins. Bound thus, the poor whale was easily towed in. Once in the creek, the rope attached to the tail was made fast, and that round the fins slipped off that the small crowd might see it disport itself, and hear of the "terrible bother" of landing it. The whale was lively enough, and the fishers were idly watching it when the conceit of the foreman once more overcame him, and the order was given, "Come, come, men, this will never pay; let us haul him and get to work." One of the men suggested that they might get five shillings and a bottle of whiskey for him "just as he stood;" but no notice was taken of his suggestion, and in a few minutes, by means of a capstan, the poor beast, still quite alive, was hauled high and dry. Here it lay for half an hour—just long enough to let it breathe its last—when a professing naturalist made his appearance. "I thought the whale was alive," were his first words. "So it was; but we hauled it," answered the foreman. "You were indeed foolish," said Mr. S. "Some time ago there was a young whale at the Brighton Aquarium, and it proved such an attraction that, when it died, the proprietors sent a naturalist all the way to the Orkneys, and kept him there for a year, in the hope of getting another. I have no doubt they would have given you fifty pounds for that one if you had left it alive."

When Mr. S. had examined it, he pronounced it to be a full-grown specimen of the common *Beluga*, whose habitat, he said, was Davis Straits, and very rarely indeed did it visit the British coasts. But he might as well have told them it was Jumbo for all they cared. They thought neither of its rarity nor of its beautiful skin, but of the fifty pounds now lost to them. Concealing their disappointment as well as they could, they asked, "Well, sir, what is it worth now, think you?" "Oh! I don't know," answered Mr. S.; "but let me know what you will sell it at, and I'll telegraph to Professor Struthers, Aberdeen, and perhaps he may buy it." After considerable deliberation they agreed to ask thirty shillings, half expecting to be bargained down to twenty, and even then, thought they, five shillings apiece would not be a bad day's pay. The bargain was soon concluded on behalf of Professor Struthers, who by the next post sent somewhat more than the thirty shillings asked for, at the same time frankly telling them that he considered their price reasonable, and certainly it was, when its skeleton is deemed worthy of a place in the Aberdeen Museum. They now thought that they were again "terribly foolish" for not having asked at least four pounds, "For," said they, "we would have got it as fast as we asked it." However, they bear their disappointment bravely, and declare that, besides the eight shillings, they have received a lesson in the pricing of whales which they are not likely soon to forget. If ever they catch another nobody needs offer less than fifty pounds for it.

A. P.

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"THOSE who take honours in Nature's University, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination." The simple meaning is, when alling, pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise, or occupation; attempt no conformity to the laws of life, or when you have drawn an overdraft on the bank of life, &c., avoid the use of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, and you will be surprised to learn of the Body what

**A FRAIL AND FICKLE TENEMENT IT IS, WHICH, LIKE THE BRITTLE GLASS THAT MEASURES TIME, IS OFTEN BROKEN, ERE HALF ITS SANDS ARE RUN.**

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Errors of eating or drinking; or how to enjoy or cause good food to agree that would otherwise disorder the digestive organs, and cause biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, impure blood, pimples on the face, giddiness, fever, feverishness, mental depression, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, constipation, vomiting, thirst, and other disastrous diseases.**

**CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "Eno's Fruit Salt." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages How to Prevent Disease.**

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I guarantee the above Testimonial to have been given unsolicited by a conscientious good man.—J.C.E

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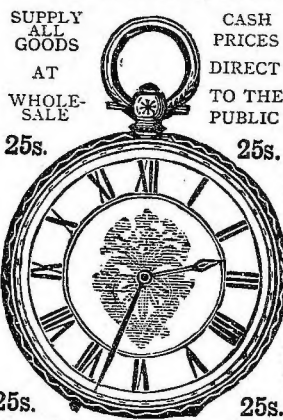
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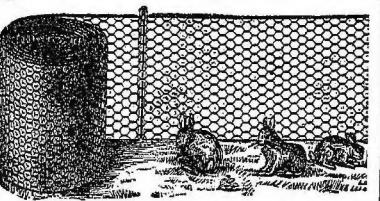
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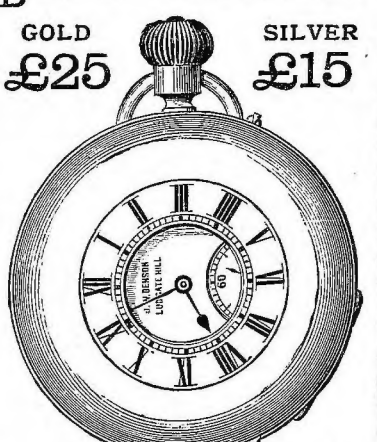
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